New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR. AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Volume 10. New Oxford, Pa., Friday, January 4, 1889. Number 25.

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JOB WORK

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Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco,
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The Cumberland Valley is now full of thieves, but the meanest we have heard of are in Franklin county. One night recently they stole the winter's supply of coal which had been laid up for use at the M. E. Church in Fayetteville.

Advices from South Africa say that the King of Swaziland recently caused the masacre of his Premier and six chiefs and their people who were supposed to be concerned in a plot to dethrone him in favor of his brother.

Perry county legal authorities are after the graveyard insurance men who operated in that region several years ago, and intend to hold them strictly to account for the villianies they practiced.

John Lanfelt, a Grand Rapids (Iowa) lad, wears four artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

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The Cumberland Valley is now full of thieves, but the meanest we have heard of are in Franklin county. One night recently they stole the winter's supply of coal which had been laid up for use at the M. E. Church in Fayetteville.

Advices from South Africa say that the King of Swaziland recently caused the masacre of his Premier and six chiefs and their people who were supposed to be concerned in a plot to dethrone him in favor of his brother.

Perry county legal authorities are after the graveyard insurance men who operated in that region several years ago, and intend to hold them strictly to account for the villianies they practiced.

John Lanfelt, a Grand Rapids (Iowa) lad, wears four artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

One acre of land in Wall street, N. Y., is worth $14,300,000.

The Black Pill relieves heart-burn

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The Portsmouth (N. H.) *Times* recalls that exactly one hundred years ago, in 1788, General Washington came to that good town and remained there four days, upon one of which, in course of a sail he went ashore for a few minutes at Kittery, Me., and that was the only time that his foot ever touched the soil of the Pine Tree state.

The oddest of election incidents comes from Pennsylvania, where one Charles Smith has brough suit against the authorities who refused his vote. He was found when a baby in a cabbage field, and grew up as "cabbage" till he called himself Smith—and the election folk would not have his ballot because they said he did not and could not know his own name.

In the South there are now 16,000 colored teachers, 1,000,000 pupils, 17,000 in the male and female high schools, and 3,000,000 worshippers in the churches. There are sixty normal schools, fifty colleges and universities, and twenty-five theological seminaries. They pay taxes on nearly $1,000,000 worth of property. This in the Southern States, which, if including the Northern States, would double the property valuation.

Plenty of "good," of "great" and "wise" Kings have ruled in Europe, and some of the other kind, but not since the iron crown was made from a supposed nail from the Cross of Calvary has one of them all, asserts the New York *Graphic*, earned the title given Christian of Denmark by his people. Punctuality is the old King's hobby, and it makes life a burden to all the sluggards in his kingdom. It is not the fashion at the Danish Court to be late. The sovereign is not only himself punctual to the second, but expects everybody else to follow his example. He will neither wait for any one nor let anybody wait for him. The people of Copenhagen, who are rather an easy going lot, have dubbed him, half in amusement and half in annoyance, Christian the Precise, and the name has stuck.

'TIS BETTER TO FORGET.

I've seen the household dark and lone
Where once the friendly astrals shone,
And to the haunts of harp and hymn
There came no tone.

Oh, vanished forms of bower and hall,
That Memory's fadeless lamps recall,
The myrtles twine around your graves,
And snowflakes fall!

So near the doors of God we live,
So near the earth, ah, who would give
A single word to draw a tear,
Or one receive?

So near the earth where graves lie wet,
Too near for heartache and regret;
'Tis better to forget each wrong,
And all forget.

Trust on and wait, whate'er befall.
Let Memory's lamps but love recall:
Live thou thy better self—thy wrongs,
Forget them all.

So near to earth, so near to heaven,
Forgive them all, and be forgiven
And other hearts shall nobly strive,
Where thou hast striven.

Time tells the truth, and pleasantly
The winters change, and o'er the sea
The purple swallows singing come,
Unloosed and free.

So happier days await thy trust;
Though others wrong thee, yet be just,
So near the doors of God is life,
So near the dust.

Live on—thy torch of life must fade,
Love on—for thee will fall the shade,
Trust on, till each withhold a hand
In thine be laid.

So shall thy heart bear no regret,
So Love thy lapses will forget,
And violets kiss thy grave at last,
With tear drops wet.

—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.*

STELLA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"It's too bad!"

Pretty Mrs. March, sitting on the edge of the bed in her handsomely-furnished room, gave vent to the warmth of her supposed feelings in this time-honored declaration of displeased people. She said it with excitedly flushed cheeks, and with tears in her fine, black eyes.

"What's too bad," Philip March demanded, striding in from the hall, with his hat in his hand and overcoat on his arm.

"This," said his wife, in a voice that trembled touchingly.

She indicated the album lying on her lap.

"Well, what's the matter with that?" said her husband, putting a sympathetic arm about her.

They had been married only four years, and he was still guilty of an occasional act of the sort.

"Look at that," was the tragic response.

Mrs. March's finger touched, with shrinking repulsion, the photograph of a gentleman.

It was a gentleman of apparent middle age, with an astonishingly broad face, above which a forest of hair stood in perpendicular stiffness. The chins—there were two distinct chins—were ornamented by an ungraceful tuft of scraggy beard. The eyes were so light in color that they had made no particular impression on the photographer's plate. The nose was broad and flat, and the ears prominent.

"Pretty tough customer. Odd he didn't break the camera," Philip observed. "Well, what about him?"

"What? Stella's engaged to him" Mrs. March burst forth.

Her husband stared at her in silent consternation.

The notes of a piano and the sound of two voices, in talk and laughter and snatches of a duet, floated up from below.

"Oh, I do wish I *hadn't* invited her here!" cried Mrs. March, tremulously. "Hear her down there with Avery Wilson! How *can* she? It's perfectly plain that he's awfully in love with her, and she's been deliberately encouraging him and leading him on ever since she's been here. It will just break his heart, and be the ruin of him! I'm perfectly sure he'll either take to drink, or shoot himself—and he's *so* nice—and all for that heartless girl. I don't care if she *is* my cousin, she's a heartless creature. And she's seemed so sweet and lovely all this time."

"Well, but you don't mean it?" said Philip, slowly, gazing down incredulously at the photograph.

"Oh, there's no mistake!" said Mrs. March, with the hardness of despair. "She was showing me her album just before Avery came, and when she got to this—this thing! (she's got her own opposite it—see!)—she stopped and said: 'Oh, I haven't told you about dear old Blumenberger, have I?' *Blumenberger*, Philip! And she said that he's the organist of the choir of which she's soprano, and that he got her the position in the first place, and how perfectly lovely he is—yes, she called him lovely, Philip, and fairly raved about him, and declared she thought everything of him! But I hope she doesn't think I believe *that*. And she went on to say—it made me almost faint, Philip—that they're engaged, and are going to be for a year longer. I should want to be engaged fifty years before I married him. 'Engaged, Stella Harvey?' I said, just gasping. 'Why, yes,' she said, just as sweet! 'You don't think I'd have refused an offer like that, do you, dear? I'm a great deal too mercenary.' Those are her very words. And she looked so sweet and innocent! How I wanted to shake her! Oh, of course it's his money! You'd know that when you'd seen his dreadful photograph, if she hadn't said so. Listen to them down there in the parlor. I just don't know how I'm going to stand it!"

"Well, I'm up a stump," said her husband, with forceful inelegance, looking in dazed astonishment from the elderly and strikingly ugly countenance of Mr. Blumenberger to the round, fresh, charming face opposite.

"It isn't Stella I'm concerned about—horrid girl!" said Mrs. March, severely, snapping the album together. "It's poor Avery."

Poor Avery stayed to lunch; he very commonly did since Stella Harvey had been in the house. He was nice—a blonde young man, rather stout and exceedingly jolly. He was in a lively mood to day; he joked and laughed unceasingly.

Mrs. Marsh looked at him pityingly from behind the chocolate pot. Mr. Marsh distributed the chops with a grave face.

Stella, sitting calm and pretty in a red, lace-trimmed morning-dress, laughed and chatted with all her usual gaiety. The stern regard of Mrs. March, and the awed and bewildered glances of her husband, passed over her graceful, fluffy head with utter lightness.

Her chief attention, indeed, was centered upon them. She was listening to Avery Wilson; laughing at his witticisms, which were copious, and responding to his badinage with prompt and appreciative brightness; behaving, in short, as a charming girl inevitably behaves with a charming young man who openly admires her.

"Delightful day for sleighing," Avery observed, with his eyes on Stella.

"Isn't it," she murmured, without looking through the window

"What do you say to a turn up the road, March?" Avery pursued, as he folded up his napkin. "I'll get a double sleigh, and we'll take a spin up, stop at the Half-way House for something hot, and be back by five. Glad I thought of it!" he said, as he rose, with an unblushing attempt to imply that he had not been thinking of it all the morning, "I'll be round by the time you've got your things on. Bundle up, Miss Harvey."

The hall door slammed behind him a moment later.

"How nice!" cried Stella, clasping her hands in impulsive joy. "Isn't he delightful?"

She floated to the door with a waltzing step, looking back, sparkingly, over her shoulder, and flew up stairs.

Mrs. March stood in stony horror.

"How can she?" she cried, in poignant despair. "How can she be so unprincipled, so conscienceless? She isn't dull; she knows perfectly that Avery's in love with her, and that she's leading him on. I can't understand it: she seemed so sweet. And I am sure Aunt Clara is strictly religious. She couldn't have brought her up so—to be mercenary, and shallow, and a heartless flirt. I'm ashamed to think that she's a relative of mine, Philip!"

It was a delightful "spin" to the Half-way House; but the Half-way House was at a distance of some five miles, and they were all chilly when they entered its spacious, many-tabled dining-room at three o'clock.

Chilly; but, so far as Avery and Stella were concerned, extremely lively. They had had a standing joke all the way up about the blueness of the latter's nose, which Avery had insisted upon, and which Stella had as strenuously denied.

They had bowed to parties they didn't know, and laughed with puerile gaiety at the effect of the performance. They had eaten a marsh-mallow philopena, the bet being a polka-dotted calico neck-tie against a bottle of bandoline, and had conducted themselves generally in the senseless, mirthful manner which, regretably enough, is so deeply enjoyable during the period of youth.

Mrs. March sat in cold silence, while they drank their hot lemonade and ginger, and while Avery Wilson and her pretty cousin continued to "carry on" with subdued hilarity.

Philip looked pained and puzzled and deprecating. The two were relieved when the glasses were finished, and they had sent something comforting to the driver, and sauntered into the parlor for a last five minutes by the stove.

Mrs. March grasped her husband's arm determinedly as they entered its door.

"I shall not endure it, Philip," she whispered. "I can't see her going on so; and poor Avery—I am going to tell him. There now! And I hope he will have the good sense to be glad of his escape!"

And while Philip stared in apprehensive alarm, and Stella straightened her boa and twisted her veil into a yet more coquettish combination before the mirror, Mrs. March talked in low and earnest tones to a white-faced young man in the corner.

Whether it was the long, cold ride, and the succeeding hot drinks, or the wearing strength of her painful emotions, or a mixture of both, is a subject for speculation; but certain it is that Mrs. March dozed all the way home.

She was conscious—unpleasantly and yet proudly conscious—of Avery's pale and stern-set face opposite her, and of Stella's soft eyes raised to him in frightened appeal; and she was conscious of nothing further.

She was cozy and comfortable, and the soap-stones were hot; and she sank into a peaceful sleep, with her head on her husband's arm.

She was awakened by the clash of the bells as the sleigh came to a standstill at her own door. It was almost dark, but Mrs. March could make out Avery's well-enveloped form in the act of lifting Stella to the ground; and she heaved a sigh of relief.

She had been roused from a dreadful dream that Avery had poisoned himself in her kitchen closet and that Stella had laughed immoderately at the incident.

Indeed, Stella was laughing: so was Avery; so was Philip. Mrs. March stared at them all in the light of the front parlor. Moreover, they were all looking at her with peculiar brightness. Mrs. March's latent and certainly much-tired temper rose.

"What is the joke?" she queried, severely.

"The joke's on you, my love," her husband responded, unsteadily, drawing her down beside him on the sofa.

"Decidedly on you," said Avery, gleefully.

Mrs. March noted that his hand rested on the farther side of Stella's waist.

"Stop, both of you!" cried Stella.

She looked at her cousin with her eyes shining with a sweet sympathy, and suddenly broke away from the detaining arm, and threw herself down beside her, grasping her hands in her own.

"We've had an explanation, Mrs. March," Avery observed, nonchalantly. "We're engaged."

Mrs. March drew her hands away.

"Stella," she cried, "what are you doing—what have you done? It won't make up for the wickedness of trifling with that poor old wretch to give in to Avery now. Oh, what are you coming to? And I believed so fully in you!" cried poor Mrs. March, in tears.

But Stella stopped her with a little protesting cry.

"You're wrong—dreadfully wrong!" she gasped. "I never was engaged to dear old Blumenberger. How could you think it? You mistook me horribly!" she panted. "He's the organist, you know, and I'm the soprano, and we're both engaged for another year; not to each other—oh, dear!—but to play and to sing. How could you—but I won't say that; of course you didn't know but I would. And poor old Blumenberger—why, he's poor as a church-mouse, or organist, and he's married, anyhow, and got eight children!"

Avery Wilson burst into a roar at the climax, and Philip guiltily joined him.

But Mrs. March looked grave and rather pale.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured faintly. "But, oh, I never shall forgive myself!"

"But I forgive you!" cried Stella, sweetly and gaily.

"Me, too!" said Avery, graciously, joining the three on the sofa with a blissful laugh!"—*Saturday Night.*

A Romance of the War.

A gentleman from Missouri, who is now in Washington, tells the Baltimore *American* correspondent of a romantic incident that fell under his observation in Western Missouri during the war.

About forty miles east of Kansas City, and near the little village of Kingsville, in Johnson County, there lived a man named Harris, who had two daughters. The elder of the two was called Eliza. Those were rough times, and very few people were permitted to live in that part of Missouri. Quantrell recruited most of his celebrated guerrilla band from that section. One of his men was Si Porter, a tall, straight, athletic young man, of quiet demeanor, but great courage. Quantrell counted him one of his best men. He and Eliza Harris met and fell in love. She was a bold, determined girl, of strong physique, and she resolved to marry Porter and share his fortunes in the saddle. She did so, and was a sort of daughter of the regiment to Quantrell's command during one entire summer of their fighting and raiding on the Missouri and Kansas borders. She endured all the privations and dangers of one of the most reckless forms of guerrilla warfare ever known, and escaped with her husband unharmed. When the war was over they went to California, where Porter fell into a profitable business and made a fortune, and to-day that same Eliza Harris and Si Porter are in Paris looking after the education of their children.

This is one of the romances of the Quantrell command that has never been published.

A House Built of Paper.

There is a paper house in Atlanta. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. At 108 Decatur street a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention for the past week. The gaudy color is not the cause of the little building being the object of so much attention; but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. It is made entirely of paper. The store is owned by Mr. August Sincova, and was built by a Frenchman named Smith (spelled of course in a French way), who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weatherboarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard. The building is used a store by Neal Kelly, who says he finds it warm in cool weather and comfortable when the weather is warm.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

A Victim of Quinine.

Marshall Sappington, a police officer in St. Louis, has just died in the insane Asylum in that city from the excessive use, it is said, of quinine, which deranged his mind. A number of St. Louis physicians who were interviewed in this connection gave it as their opinion that a large number of people in that city are suffering, not only from amaurosis—a blindness caused by the excessive use of quinine—but also from cinchonism or quinine deafness. One of the physicians said: "Twenty to forty grains, taken within say ten hours, are sufficient to cause amaurosis, and the regular use of quinine in much smaller quantities daily for a few weeks is almost sure to produce deafness, which sometimes is permanent. Inquiry among occulists and aurists developed statements that quinine blindness and deafness prevail in St. Louis to an alarming extent, these diseases having scarcely ever been heard of—certainly not under their present names—until the recent shrinkage in value of this drug.—*Times Democrat.*

The Points of Poultry.

Expert breeders, of course, know the "points" in poultry, but, says the *American Agriculturist*, among every-day farmers and average people who raise poultry, a comparatively small number are well informed in this respect. As the poultry show season is at hand, we print an engraving of a rooster with the different parts numbered, and append below the name of each opposite its number:

1. Comb.
2. Face.
3. Wattle.
4. Deaf-ears, or ear-lobe.
5. Hackle.
6. Breast.
7. Back.
8. Saddle.
9. Saddle-hackles, or feathers.
10. Sickles.
11. Tail-coverts.
12. True Tail-feathers.
13. Wing-bow.
14. Wing-coverts forming the "bar."
15. Secondaries, lower end, forming the wing or lower butts.
16. Primaries, or flight feathers, not seen when the wing is clipped up.
17. Point of breast-bone.
18. Thighs.
19. Hocks.
20. Legs, or Shanks.
21. Spur.
22. Toes, or Claws.

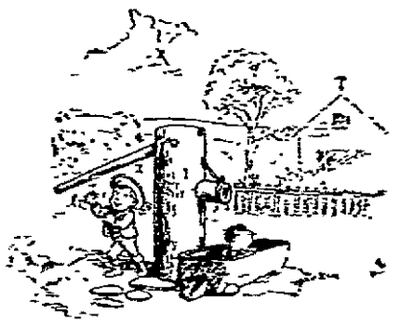
The Newspaper Law.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from a post office, or letter carrier, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2.—If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the post office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Hide and Seek.



"I just bet Jimmy Muggin's lookin' all over f' me."

"I spy."

—*Life.*

One of the troublesome questions which architects have never been able to settle is the placing of permanent foundations under large buildings. The latest experiment, according to the 'American Architect,' is to cover—before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to strengthen the clay that the settlement may be reduced to a minimum.

Fashion and Economy.

A hint showing how, with the aid of a pair of scissors, one hat may be converted into two.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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Forgive them all, and be forgiven
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The winters change, and o'er the sea
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"Oh, I do wish I *hadn't* invited her here!" cried Mrs. March, tremulously. "Hear her down there with Avery Wilson! How *can* she? It's perfectty plain that he's awfully in love with her, and she's been deliberately encouraging him and leading him on ever since she's been here. It will just break his heart, and be the ruin of him! I'm perfectly sure he'll either take to drink, or shoot himself—and he's *so* nice—and all for that heartless girl. I don't care if she *is* my cousin, she's a heartless creature. And she's seemed so sweet and lovely all this time."

"Well, but you don't mean it?" said Philip, slowly, gazing down incredulously at the photograph.

"Oh, there's no mistake!" said Mrs. March, with the hardness of despair. "She was showing me her album just before Avery came, and when she got to this—this thing! (she's got her own opposite it—see!)—she stopped and said: 'Oh, I haven't told you about dear old Blumenberger, have I?' *Blumenberger*, Philip! And she said that he's the organist of the choir of which she's soprano, and that he got her the position in the first place, and how perfectly lovely he is—yes, she called him lovely, Philip, and fairly raved about him, and declared she thought everything of him! But I hope she doesn't think I believe *that*. And she went on to say—it made me almost faint, Philip—that they're engaged, and are going to be for a year longer. I should want to be engaged fifty years before I married him. 'Engaged, Stella Harvey?' I said, just gasping. 'Why, yes!' she said, just as sweet! 'You don't think I'd have refused an offer like that, do you, dear? I'm a great deal too mercenary.' Those are her very words. And she looked so sweet and innocent! How I wanted to shake her! Oh, of course it's his money! You'd know that when you'd seen his dreadful photograph, if she hadn't said so. Listen to them down there in the parlor. I just don't know how I'm going to stand it!"

"Well, I'm up a stump," said her husband, with forceful inelegance, looking in dazed astonishment from the elderly and strikingly ugly countenance of Mr. Blumenberger to the round, fresh, charming face opposite.

"It isn't Stella I'm concerned about—horrid girl!" said Mrs. March, severely, snapping the album together. "It's poor Avery."

Poor Avery stayed to lunch; he very commonly did since Stella Harvey had been in the house. He was nice—a blonde young man, rather stout and exceedingly jolly. He was in a lively mood to-day; he joked and laughed unceasingly.

Mrs. Marsh looked at him pityingly from behind the chocolate pot. Mr. Marsh distributed the chops with a grave face.

Stella, sitting calm and pretty in a red, lace-trimmed morning-dress, laughed and chatted with all her usual gaiety. The stern regard of Mrs. March, and the awed and bewildered glances of her husband, passed over her graceful, fluffy head with utter lightness.

Her chief attention, indeed, was centered upon them. She was listening to Avery Wilson; laughing at his witticisms, which were copious, and responding to his badinage with prompt and appreciative brightness; behaving, in short, as a charming girl inevitably behaves with a charming young man who openly admires her.

"Delightful day for sleighing," Avery observed, with his eyes on Stella.

"Isn't it," she murmured, without looking through the window.

"What do you say to a turn up the road, March?" Avery pursued, as he folded up his napkin. "I'll get a double sleigh, and we'll take a spin up, stop at the Half-way House for something hot, and be back by five. Glad I thought of it!" he said, as he rose, with an unblushing attempt to imply that he had not been thinking of it all the morning, "I'll be round by the time you've got your things on. Bundle up, Miss Harvey."

The hall door slammed behind him a moment later.

"How nice!" cried Stella, clasping her hands in impulsive joy. "Isn't he delightful?"

She floated to the door with a waltzing step, looking back, sparkingly, over her shoulder, and flew up stairs.

Mrs. March stood in stony horror.

"How can she?" she cried, in poignant despair. "How can she be so unprincipled, so conscienceless? She isn't dull; she knows perfectly that Avery's in love with her, and that she's leading him on. I can't understand it; she seemed so sweet. And I am sure Aunt Clara is strictly religious. She couldn't have brought her up so—to be mercenary, and shallow, and a heartless flirt. I'm ashamed to think that she's a relative of mine, Philip!"

It was a delightful "spin" to the Half-way House; but the Half-way House was at a distance of some five miles, and they were all chilly when they entered its spacious, many-tabled dining-room at three o'clock.

Chilly; but, so far as Avery and Stella were concerned, extremely lively. They had had a standing joke all the way up about the blueness of the latter's nose, which Avery had insisted upon, and which Stella had as strenuously denied.

They had bowed to parties they didn't know, and laughed with puerile gaiety at the effect of the performance. They had eaten a marsh-mallow philopena, the bet being a polka-dotted calico neck-tie against a bottle of bandoline, and had conducted themselves generally in the senseless, mirthful manner which, regretably enough, is so deeply enjoyable during the period of youth.

Mrs. March sat in cold silence, while they drank their hot lemonade and ginger, and while Avery Wilson and her pretty cousin continued to "carry on" with subdued hilarity.

Philip looked pained and puzzled and deprecating. The two were relieved when the glasses were finished, and they had sent something comforting to the driver, and sauntered into the parlor for a last five minutes by the stove.

Mrs. March grasped her husband's arm determinedly as they entered its door.

"I shall not endure it, Philip," she whispered. "I can't see her going on so; and poor Avery—I am going to tell him. There now! And I hope he will have the good sense to be glad of his escape!"

And while Philip stared in apprehensive alarm, and Stella straightened her boa and twisted her veil into a yet more coquettish combination before the mirror, Mrs. March talked in low and earnest tones to a white-faced young man in the corner.

Whether it was the long, cold ride, and the succeeding hot drinks, or the wearing strength of her painful emotions, or a mixture of both, is a subject for speculation; but certain it is that Mrs. March dozed all the way home.

She was conscious—unpleasantly and yet proudly conscious—of Avery's pale and stern-set face opposite her, and of Stella's soft eyes raised to him in frightened appeal; and she was conscious of nothing further.

She was cozy and comfortable, and the soap-stones were hot; and she sank into a peaceful sleep, with her head on her husband's arm.

She was awakened by the clash of the bells as the sleigh came to a standstill at her own door. It was almost dark, but Mrs. March could make out Avery's well-enveloped form in the act of lifting Stella to the ground; and she heaved a sigh of relief.

She had been roused from a dreadful dream that Avery had poisoned himself in her kitchen closet and that Stella had laughed immoderately at the incident.

Indeed, Stella was laughing; so was Avery; so was Philip. Mrs. March stared at them all in the light of the front parlor. Moreover, they were all looking at her with peculiar brightness. Mrs. March's latent and certainly much-tired temper rose.

"What is the joke?" she queried, severely.

"The joke's on you, my love," her husband responded, unsteadily, drawing her down beside him on the sofa.

"Decidedly on you," said Avery, gleefully.

Mrs. March noted that his hand rested on the farther side of Stella's waist.

"Stop, both of you!" cried Stella.

She looked at her cousin with her eyes shining with a sweet sympathy, and suddenly broke away from the detaining arm, and threw herself down beside her, grasping her hands in her own.

"We've had an explanation, Mrs. March," Avery observed, nonchalantly. "We're engaged."

Mrs. March drew her hands away.

"Stella," she cried, "what are you doing—what have you done? It won't make up for the wickedness of trifling with that poor old wretch to give in to Avery now. Oh, what are you coming to? And I believed so fully in you!" cried poor Mrs. March, in tears.

But Stella stopped her with a little protesting cry.

"You're wrong—dreadfully wrong!" she gasped. "I never was engaged to dear old Blumenberger. How could you think it? You mistook me horribly!" she panted. "He's the organist, you know, and I'm the soprano, and we're both engaged for another year; not to each other—oh, dear!—but to play and to sing. How could you—but I won't say that; of course you didn't know but I would. And poor old Blumenberger—why, he's poor as a church-mouse, or organist, and he's married, anyhow, and got eight children!"

Avery Wilson burst into a roar at the climax, and Philip guiltily joined him.

But Mrs. March looked grave and rather pale.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured faintly. "But, oh, I never shall forgive myself!"

"But I forgive you!" cried Stella, sweetly and gaily.

"Me, too!" said Avery, graciously, joining the three on the sofa with a blissful laugh!"—*Saturday Night.*

A Romance of the War.

A gentleman from Missouri, who is now in Washington, tells the Baltimore *American* correspondent of a romantic incident that fell under his observation in Western Missouri during the war.

About forty miles east of Kansas City, and near the little village of Kingsville, in Johnson County, there lived a man named Harris, who had two daughters. The elder of the two was called Eliza. Those were rough times, and very few people were permitted to live in that part of Missouri. Quantrell recruited most of his celebrated guerrilla band from that section. One of his men was Si Porter, a tall, straight, athletic young man, of quiet demeanor, but great courage. Quantrell counted him one of his best men. He and Eliza Harris met and fell in love. She was a bold, determined girl, of strong physique, and she resolved to marry Porter and share his fortunes in the saddle. She did so, and was a sort of daughter of the regiment to Quantrell's command during one entire summer of their fighting and raiding on the Missouri and Kansas borders. She endured all the privations and dangers of one of the most reckless forms of guerrilla warfare ever known, and escaped with her husband unharmed. When the war was over they went to California, where Porter fell into a profitable business and made a fortune, and to-day that same Eliza Harris and Si Porter are in Paris looking after the education of their children.

This is one of the romances of the Quantrell command that has never been published.

A House Built of Paper.

There is a paper house in Atlanta. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. At 108 Decatur street a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention for the past week. The gaudy color is not the cause of the little building being the object of so much attention; but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. It is made entirely of paper. The store is owned by Mr. August Sincova, and was built by a Frenchman named Smith (spelled of course in a French way), who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weatherboarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard. The building is used a store by Neal Kelly, who says he finds it warm in cool weather and comfortable when the weather is warm.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

A Victim of Quinine.

Marshall Sappington, a police officer in St. Louis, has just died in the insane Asylum in that city from the excessive use, it is said, of quinine, which deranged his mind. A number of St. Louis physicians who were interviewed in this connection gave it as their opinion that a large number of people in that city are suffering, not only from amaurosis—a blindness caused by the excessive use of quinine—but also from cinchonism or quinine deafness. One of the physicians said: "Twenty to forty grains, taken within say ten hours, are sufficient to cause amaurosis, and the regular use of quinine in much smaller quantities daily for a few weeks is almost sure to produce deafness, which sometimes is permanent. Inquiry among occulists and aurists developed statements that quinine blindness and deafness prevail in St. Louis to an alarming extent, these diseases having scarcely ever been heard of—certainly not under their present names—until the recent shrinkage in value of this drug.—*Times Democrat.*

The Points of Poultry.

Expert breeders, of course, know the "points" in poultry, but, says the *American Agriculturist*, among every-day farmers and average people who raise poultry, a comparatively small number are well informed in this respect. As the poultry show season is at hand, we print an engraving of a rooster with the different parts numbered, and append below the name of each opposite its number:

1. Comb.
2. Face.
3. Wattle.
4. Deaf-ears, or ear-lobe.
5. Hackle.
6. Breast.
7. Back.
8. Saddle.
9. Saddle-hackles, or feathers.
10. Sickles.
11. Tail-coverts.
12. True Tail-feathers.
13. Wing-bow.
14. Wing-coverts forming the "bar."
15. Secondaries, lower end, forming the wing or lower butts.
16. Primaries, or flight feathers, not seen when the wing is clipped up.
17. Point of breast-bone.
18. Thighs.
19. Hocks.
20. Legs, or Shanks.
21. Spur.
22. Toes, or Claws.

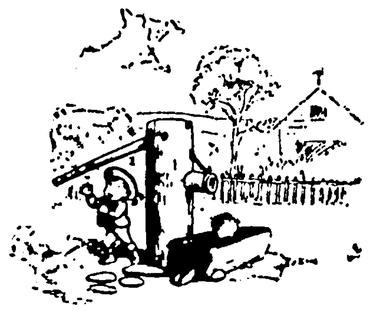
The Newspaper Law.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from a post office, or letter carrier, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

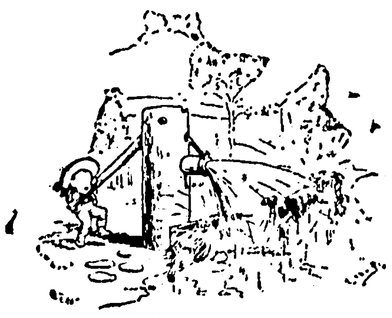
2.—If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the post office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Hide and Seek.



"I just bet Jimmy Muggin's lookin' all over f' me."



"I spy!"

—*Life.*

One of the troublesome questions which architects have never been able to settle is the placing of permanent foundations under large buildings. The latest experiment, according to the 'American Architect,' is to cover—before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to strengthen the clay that the settlement may be reduced to a minimum.

Fashion and Economy.

A hint showing how, with the aid of a pair of scissors, one hat may be converted into two.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

IN THE WOODS.

Every hollow full of ferns,
Turning yellow in their turns:
Straggling brambles fierce and wild,
Yielding berries to the child;
Oakball tumbling from the tree,
Beechnuts dropping silently,
Hosts of leaves come down to die,
Leaving openings to the sky;
Bluebells, foxgloves, gone to seed,
Everything to death decreed;
Nothing left of flowers or buds—
Such is autumn in the woods.

And so is there an autumn known
To the heart. It feels alone,
Fearing its best days are past;
Sees the future overcast!
Fond acquaintance broken through,
Friends departed; friends untrue,
Human flowers are cold and dead,
Covered by a grassy bed;
Hopes, late blossoms putting out,
Withered soon, and flung about
By cruel winds; dead doubts and fears
Finding vent in sudden tears.
Yes, there is an autumn known
To some hearts thus left alone.

Yet there's this thought after all,
Ferns may fade and leaves may fall,
Hearts may change and prove untrue,
All may look as these woods do—
Though sad autumn here is given,
Springtime waits the just in heaven.

—*Chambers's Journal*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An ill-word—Sick.

A serious blow—A cyclone.

Moving wax-work—Bee-hive.

Hair may be plaited and yet be golden.

The banjo player picks his way through life.

The light fantastic tow—A blonde wig.

Hyphen is the god of typographical marriage.

She stoops to corncure—The female chiropodist.

A circus tumbler should never be full.—*Boston Globe.*

A domestic broil usually makes a very unsatisfectory meal.

"Wet weather," as the sheep said when it fell into the creek.

What the farmer requires is mower cultivating facilities.

Passengers musn't expect to hear the jib boom in calm weather.

When he loses his cow is when an undertaker tries to overtake'er.

It is the tillers of the soil who steer the ship of state.—*Albany Journal.*

The cowboy is like a dramatic star—He is supported by a stock company.

Canoeing is something a man knows more about after he has been given a "tip."

Salt air is oftentimes trying to the voice, yet most singers like to go to C.—*Ocean.*

Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies—excepting, perhaps, in a horse-car.

The worst motto a dentist can have is: "Try, try again"—the worst for the other fellow.

Few ladies have the courage to face an unsympathizing world with their hair done up in curl papers.

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.—*Journal of Education.*

Bustles are going out. Five hundred dozen went out from a single factory in Bridgeport the other day.—*Drake's Magazine.*

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked Sir Boyle Roche. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Poor Father Time! What a horrible old inebriate he must be!—that is if it be true that time is money and that money is always tight.

Now doth the little utchin
With the grim blackwalnut fight,
And don a pair of black kid gloves
That he can take off at night.

—*Danville Breeze.*

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches."

Absolutely Correct—"What type of face should you call that?" said one person to another in the photograph gallery. "That," replied the other, after examining the picture closely, "is a tin type."—*Judge.*

A London Policeman's Way.

In St. Petersburg if a policeman is proved to have dealt a prisoner a blow General Gresser punishes him severely. The constables in St. Petersburg are armed with revolvers which are unloaded and swords which are seldom drawn. In London the constable has neither sword nor revolver, but he is armed with a truncheon which he uses with a freedom and an impunity that would make the Russian Prefect of Police stand aghast. Recently, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich Magistrate that P. C. 200 M. had threatened to break a prisoner's arm with his truncheon, and had then leveled a blow at his head, which fortunately missed him, but knocked off the top of an iron railing. Nothing daunted, P. C. 200 M. then struck a second blow, and this time he felled his man insensible. All that was done to him was to mark the charge sheet that "he had used his staff without sufficient justification"—a fact which probably will mark him out for promotion to special service in Trafalgar square.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Quantity of Salt for Stock.

It is stated that the proper daily allowance of salt is, for a sheep, one-half to three-fourths of an ounce; for a horse, one ounce; for a fattening hog, one to one and one-half ounce; for a milch cow or work ox, two ounces; for a fattening stall-fed ox, two and one-half to four and one-half ounces. Salt is said to increase the saliva. It certainly seems to make foods more palatable to animals.

Storing Squashes.

Farmers who have a supply of good squashes—such as the Hubbard, for example—should store enough of them for winter use, when they will prove a luxury. Squashes should be kept in a warm, dry place, where they can be frequently looked over to remove the speckled ones. The best temperature is from forty to sixty degrees, and those who have a cellar in which is a furnace for heating the house will find this a good place for storing their supply of squashes. They should be placed on shelves near the furnace, and ought to be looked over often. The best varieties for keeping are the hard-shelled Turban and Hubbard.—*New York Witness.*

Hints About Butchering.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are fed within twelve hours of their killing, the food is wasted, the meat will be more disposed to sour, and it will be more difficult to remove the distended intestines and take from them the lard. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs cannot be killed too quickly. The more rapidly they are killed, and the blood got out of them, the better. A well directed blow on the head, between and just in front of the ears, will make the animal unconscious; but the chances for a mis-stroke are so many, and as the stroke makes unfit for use considerable meat, this method of killing cannot be recommended. The use of the shot-gun is no better. The rifle is the weapon to use—a ball on a line from the base of the ear to the opposite eye produces instant death and does not cause the waste of any meat.—*American Agriculturist.*

Good Method of Oiling Harness

To oil harness well, take the harness apart, wherever it can be unbuckled; give each strap a good wash, using lukewarm water with a little washing soda in it. Scrub well with a scrubbing brush, and be sure that you get all the grease and dirt off. Work well in the hands until soft and pliant, for it is no use to apply oil on dry, horny leather, it will never become soft. After this has been done, hang in a room where they will not dry too rapidly, until about three parts dry. Then apply plentifully on both sides pure cod oil—this has more body and lasting quality than any other grease for leather tanned with bark. Besides, if you use neats-foot oil, rats and mice will eat your harness, while that greased with cod oil they will not touch. After giving a good coat of this oil, hang up until dry. Then I would go over them again with the oil, giving them but a slight coat of it this time. After that dries in, wipe off with a dry, coarse cloth. For common work harness nothing more is needed, but for carriage harness go over with a sponge and castile soap, and wipe with a dry chamois skin, and you may depend upon it there will be no black to rub off your hands.—*Courier Journal.*

Keeping Cabbages for Spring Use.

Cabbages can be kept through the winter out of doors better than they can in the cellar, if the work is properly done. Select a position in the lee of a tight board fence or building, and dig down about two feet. From the bottom of this pit lay a drain that will carry off any water that may come into it, unless the soil is gravelly enough to drain itself. Then lay down some old boards or rails as a floor, and put on that a covering of straw or poor hay. Trim off nearly all the loose outer leaves of the cabbage, just leaving two or three of the innermost ones. Pack them carefully upon the straw, stem end uppermost. The roots may be left on or cut off as may seem most convenient. They seem to keep quite as well when the root is taken off, and they make much better stowage. They cannot be packed too closely, but it is not well to put them more than three or four tiers deep. Cover them now with straw, and upon that put an inch or two of earth. The pile should be highest in the centre, and some of the straw should be allowed to come above the soil at the highest point, that it may act as a ventilator to allow the escape of the warm air in the pit. As the weather grows colder, cover with more earth until it is from one to two feet deep. The object of the covering is not to prevent freezing, but to make the freezing and thawing process as gradual as it can be made. If the heap is a large one, there should be a ventilator of projecting straws to every ten feet square, and these should be so arranged that but little water will go down them. A little will not do any harm. Packed in this way they can be kept until spring, or they can be taken out for market at any time during the winter. If there comes a long thaw in January or February, it will be well to open the heap enough to examine the cabbages to see how they are keeping; but usually if, from the work not having been well done, or from any cause, they begin to decay, it can be detected by the odor which will come from the ventilators at evening after a warm day.—*American Cultivator.*

Co-operative Dairying.

Mr. John Boyd, well known in dairy circles in the West, believes in co-operative dairying. He has made many speeches in behalf of this plan, showing by facts and figures the profits accruing therefrom. In a communication to the *Prairie Farmer* he states the case as follows:

The co-operative plan has proved to be the best system of managing creameries. The farmers form a corporation or association, subscribe the necessary capital, and elect officers annually, to attend to the business. A factory is built and equipped, and an experienced butter-maker employed. The cream is brought to the factory, manufactured, the products sold, and the proceeds, after deducting expenses (including 6 per cent on the capital, and usually a small reserve fund), are divided monthly among the patrons, according to the amount of milk or cream each has furnished. In this way, the farmers do the business themselves, at the smallest possible expense, and get all there is to be made out of it. They are independent of contractors, or of private creamery managers. The patrons get their pay regularly, and know whom they are dealing with. By all means, therefore, a creamery should be a farmers' co-operative institution.

One great advantage of the cream-gathering system is that the patron living near the creamery possesses no advantage over the patron living at a distance—the gatherer collects the cream of each, and the expense is borne equally by all. The patrons don't have to spend valuable time delivering their cream to the factory—it is all taken at their own doors. The expense of this method is reduced to a minimum, because of the decreased bulk of cream compared with milk. Those who know the bother of delivering milk at factories or railroad stations twice daily during the busy season will appreciate this point.

Among the other advantages of cream over milk gathering is the very important fact that the skim milk is left on the farm. If not sold, the skim milk is fed out on the farm, increasing the amount of stock, manure, crops, and thus the whole income of the farm. Nor is there any material shrinkage of cream in handling, owing to its smaller bulk, compared with the loss of a large quantity of milk. The skim milk, being kept clean and sweet, commands a high price in market.

The element of injustice is reduced to the minimum. Milk varies enormously in the quantity of butter it will produce; in cream, this variation is comparatively slight. The same quantity of Jersey milk will produce more spaces of cream than an equal quantity of native cow's milk. Thus the owners of Jerseys or good cows get the benefit of their superior product, instead of having to put it on equality with poor milk. There is, therefore, every inducement to improve one's stock, and breed cows that will give the greatest amount of cream. The result is seen in the better stock in the vicinity of cream-gathering creameries.

The milk of each patron being set in a Cooly creamer, is raised under essentially the same conditions—fully as much so as is milk set in a milk-gathering factory. The injury to the cream by being carried to the creamery is certainly no greater than the injury to the milk by similar transportation, for the cream-transportation cans have an interior floating device to prevent all churning. The last prop of the milk system is thus knocked away.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Save the dry leaves for covering tender plants and bedding animals.

It is better to teach the cows gentleness than to saw off their horns.

A calf born in the fall or winter is worth two born in the spring, for profit.

White oak firkins are recommended as best in which to make cucumber pickles, and next to that stoneware.

It is better to have a heifer calf grow lank and pot-bellied but thrifty than one that keeps as "fat as a seal."

Farm machines and tools no longer needed should be put in good repair and safely sheltered for the winter.

Close up all cracks, repair broken windows and make stables and poultry-houses warm and weather-proof.

The planting of the hyacinth, crocus, narcissus and similar hardy bulbs, is in order until the ground freezes up.

"One egg a week will pay for the support of a hen," is the way one authority computes it. The rest is pure profit.

The gentle yet hardy little Kerry cows, so valued by the Irish cottagers, are claimed to be unequaled for family dairy purposes.

Waldo F. Brown tells in *Ohio Farmer* that he has experimented with salt as a fertilizer and has seen no effect whatever from its use.

"If you want a cow to do her best give her just as good quarters and as good care as you do your favorite horse," advises a Pennsylvania farmer.

Pasturing meadows in the fall not only lessens the fertility of the soil, but leaves the roots unprotected, and causes the ground to heave more easily in winter.

It is better to buy grain for cows, and feed pretty liberally of the growing corn crop, rather than turn stock on young clover, though the present copious rains may make the present autumn an exception in some sections.

Small potatoes, pumpkins, sugar beets, mangels and turnips thoroughly cooked and mixed with a mixture of equal parts ground oats, corn and mill feed form a food recommended by Baltimore *American* for fattening fall pigs.

Cork dust, in which Malaga grapes are shipped to dealers all over the country, and which can often be had from local merchants for the asking, is suggested by *Orchard and Garden* as excellent material in which the home consumer may keep grapes.

Experiments at the Iowa Agricultural College Station seem to prove that when infested land is ploughed up in order to bury the chinch bug, the furrow, to be effective, must be cut six inches deep, and when the land is not too hard, an inch or two deeper is advisable.

THE FARMS OF MEXICO.

PRIMITIVE METHODS OF CULTIVATION ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

A Plowman at Work—Land Owners and Their Peon Laborers—Ways of Transportation.

"As old as Egypt," said a fellow-traveler on a recent tour through Mexico, as he gazed from the window of a palace-car at the primitive plowing of a Mexican farmer. The plowman's costume seemed as unseasonable as the green of the neighboring fields—unseasonable, at least to us, who had left snows and blizzards only three days behind. He wore, after the manner of a Chinaman, a blouse or loose shirt of white cotton cloth, wide baggy pants of the same material, and a shawl—though the Mexican doesn't call it a shawl, but a zarape, and throws it over his shoulders, letting the long end hang down on the left side. A wide brimmed straw hat completed his costume.

You have seen pictures of the plows of the ancient Egyptians. Then you have a fair illustration of those of Mexico. They have one handle, are often hewn from hard-wood trees, the forks of which give them proper shape, and the tough-fibred wood is sufficient without a share of metal. Iron is scarcer than silver in Mexico. The plowman holds the single handle with one hand, and with the other and a long pole, goads the two, four or eight oxen which furnish the slow but sure motive power for this aboriginal cultivator. Some enterprising rancheros or farmers tried to introduce the American plow, but they were found to have too many handles and one was promptly sawed off, with which alteration they worked very well. The steel share of the American plow spoiled the Mexican plowman, and owing to the scarcity of iron in the country, the railroad companies commenced to miss their couplings, pins, and other loose iron; and the fish-plates distributed along the track for fastening the rails were appropriated, and, like the swords of ancient warriors, fashioned into plowshares. The crops are harvested with implements as primitive as the Egyptian plow, the sickle and the scythe doing duty in place of the reaper and the mower. Threshing-machines are comparatively unknown.

The hacienda is a plantation which may contain thousands or tens of thousands of acres, often owned by one man, whose acres are cultivated by the peons, as the natives are called, and who are practically his slaves, as they work on shares and are in debt from year to year to the owner of the lands, who collects his own with interest.

The home of the land-owner is also called the hacienda. It is located on some healthful hillside and resembles a walled town, with its arched gateways, towers and church belfry overlooking the walls, within which are gathered at night, on Sundays and feast days, the peon laborer, all the horses, cattle, and everything that is his, and are fed, man and beast. There is a church and priest at every hacienda, supported by the tribute exacted from all of high and low degree. Rich and poor must pay, according as the land has yielded substance—a duty religiously adhered to. As on the plantations in the South, the peons are supplied with what they need from the hacienda "commissary." Their wants are few, but the end of the year usually finds a balance against them, which must be deducted from the next crop, and thus the peon is ever "dealing in futures."

The farm wagon is as much a curiosity as the one-handled plow. It goes on two wheels. The wheels are very curiously wrought. They are sawed, or more properly hewn, from the trunk of a tree. Trees large enough for a wheel are scarce, and the wheel must be built in sections. The proper thickness, say six or eight inches, is cut off the tree; this is cut in half making two pieces, which are afterward joined together with other pieces, making a wheel not exactly round, but the Mexican does not care for that, so long as his wheel is big enough. A wooden axle, a tongue and a huge box or bed complete the vehicle—not a pretty one to be sure, but substantial enough to bear a load needing eight, ten and twelve oxen to draw it.

Mexican farm transportation does not go altogether on wheels. The burro, or donkey, is the chief beast of burden, and it can carry more than it can pull. Each hacienda has them in droves. The little animals are patient and untiring, and will trudge for miles to market or the railway station, with two to four sacks of corn or wheat, weighing more than their own body. In the mining districts, and from the stone quarries, they carry bags of silver ore, or slabs of stone, staggering over mountain roads, where a horse would not dare to go. I have seen a drove of burros coming to a city in the early morning, so concealed with their loads of garden-provender that only their little hoofs and the tips of their long ears could be seen, looking for all the world like walking hay-mows.

While the hacienda may own hundreds of burros, the peon may be too poor to possess one, and must carry on his own back the product of his labor. He will often carry as much as the burro. At Toluca I saw the most novel team I came across in all my travels. An Indian had hewn a stick of timber, about 8x10 inches, and twenty feet long, which he had placed on two wheels—or rather rollers, they were so small—and with his squaw (who had a baby on her back), and the burro, they three brought the timber from the mountains to market at Toluca, all working abreast in the harness.

Fruits, "garden-truck," chickens, turkeys and other poultry, pottery and light farm products, are brought to the cities from distances of thirty, forty and fifty miles, in slatted boxes or cages, strapped to each burro, or one on the back of an Indian peon. The contents sold, the homeward trudge is with a lighter load but a scarely heavier pocket, the net profits having gone for pulque, the native drink, a new zarape, a reboso for his wife, or a spreading, gilt edged sombrero, for your average Mexican will wear a thirty-dollar hat, if he goes barefooted. It is only the burro that must walk home, and it is always the unhappy lot of this one or that, to carry a burden both ways, for his master must ride home always, and sometimes with the load to market.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Horseshoes as Omens of Luck.

A gentleman at the head of a large horseshoe establishment in speaking of the origin of horseshoes the other day, gave the following interesting facts about these accepted omens of good luck. Said he:

"Historians assert that the practice of shoeing horses was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who instituted an office for the inspection of the farriers, and gave the city of Northampton, as a fee, to the person who held that office. Henry de Ferrers, ancestor of the famous Earl of Derby, and whose descendants still bear on their arms six horseshoes, received his title, probably, from having been inspector, the horses evidently being shod with iron.

The custom of covering the feet of their horses was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. In scenes of great magnificence, princes sometimes had their horses and mules shod with silver and gold. The mules of Nero were shod with silver, those of Poppæa, his wife, with gold; and when the Marquis of Bonifazio, of Tuscany, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, so magnificent were the decorations of his equipage that the horses were shod with silver; the nails were of the same metal, and if any dropped out they belonged to those who found them. Post horses were shod some time in the ninth century, but few of any other description; and, in conclusion, we may state that horseshoes have been found in the graves of some of the old Germans and Vandals in the northern countries, but the antiquity of them cannot be ascertained.—*New York Telegram.*

A Burglar's Imperturbability.

The remarkable coolness of a Pittsburg burglar assisted him to escape. He broke into a laundry, and while sorting the garments into a large clothes basket was surprised by two officers, who appeared at a window opening into the yard. The fellow worked so systematically and quietly that the officials thought that perhaps he was an employe of the establishment, and they, therefore asked him why he worked at so late an hour. He replied: "I am getting the things ready for the girls, who will be up soon to do the ironing. I get $40 a month, and have to work awful hard to keep my place." He then went to the window, and putting his arms on the sill said: "My, but this is a disagreeable night to be out in. I would not like to be in the place of either of you gentlemen. Won't you come inside and take a drink? I will open the wine cellar for you." The officers started for the kitchen door in the rear part of the yard, and the thief thereupon made for the front door and escaped, carrying with him many of the garments.—*Times-Democrat.*

A Faithful Servant.

A lady living alone in Marylebone, London, England, with very few, if any, friends or relations, was fortunate enough to win the attachment of a servant, who stayed with her fourteen years. It turned out, when the will was opened, that the lady had left all she died possessed of to the favorite domestic, on condition, however, that she should every year spend at least ten minutes at her grave. The fortunate legatee's friends lived in the North, near Carlisle, and she returned to them. She fulfils the terms of the will, however, by coming up the last night of every second year to London. She goes to the churchyard ten minutes before twelve and remains till ten minutes after twelve. Her visits to the grave are thus made every two years, and yet the conditions of the will are kept.—*New York Observer.*

A Remarkable Team of Horses.

George S. Farnsworth, of North Bridgton, Me., has a team that is worthy of notice. Mr. Farnsworth teams grain from South Paris to North Bridgton, a distance of fifteen miles, making several trips a week, besides doing other work with his team at home. The fact of interest about this team is this: The united ages of the three horses are eighty two years; the leader is thirty-two, and he has been in possession of the owner a great many years; the pole horses are each twenty-five, and Mr. Farnsworth has had them for the past seventeen years. They are of Morgan blood, and in the days of their youth few horses could out road them. The three are in good condition, fat as work horses ought to be; are almost free from blemishes, good eaters, and seem good for many years of service yet.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Brakemen's Slang.

The brakeman gives the prevailing tone to the "society" of despatchers' lobbies and other lounging places which he frequents. He originates whatever slang may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the caboose and roundhouse. He calls a gravel train a "dust express," and refers to the pump for compressing air for the power-brakes as a "wind-jammer." The fireman's prosaic labors are lightened by being poetically mentioned as the handling of black diamonds, and the mortification of being called into the Superintendent's office to explain some dereliction of duty is disguised by referring to the episode as "dancing on the carpet."—*Scribner.*

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 4TH, 1889.

She Disgorged a Snake.

Mrs. George Snyder, of 2012 Parrish street, Philadelphia, wife of Policeman Snyder, of the Ninth district, recently vomited a reptile over two feet long, which resembled a lizard. She has been suffering for over ten years, and physicians have been unable to afford her any relief.

During the summer of 1871 she came home from a party one evening almost overcome with the heat and feeling very thirsty. She went to the hydrant in the yard and drew a cupful of water and began to drink, when suddenly she became aware that something other than water was passing down her throat. As no bad results followed incident was almost forgotten until about January, 1878. One night she awoke with her mouth wide open and something creeping out of it, but before her husband, who had been awakened by her struggles, could seize the reptile, it had drawn itself back into the throat and out of sight. Mrs. Snyder at this time was a healthy woman and weighed nearly 140 pounds. She soon began to decline in health and lost daily until her weight was reduced to 90 pounds. She had an enormous appetite and no amount of food, however large, could satisfy her cravings for food. To eat bread or any doughy substance would make her deathly sick for several days.

For months she tasted nothing but meat and milk. Her family physician, Dr. Miller, thought that dyspepsia was the cause of her sickness and prescribed accordingly. This state of affairs continued for ten years. The reptile had grown to considerable size and strength and was still growing and her death was soon expected. She had never tasted beer until the early part of last month, when an untrollable desire for that beverage seized her. Officer Snyder was surprised when he came home at night and his wife asked that beer be procured for her. He granted the request and with happy results. The sight of the liquor made her sick, but, nevertheless, believing that it should be taken, she drank several glasses full and in a few minutes was seized with violent fits of vomiting. Feeling faint she turned very white and fainted.

Mr. Snyder placed her in bed and in the morning she felt wonderfully improved. On looking in the bowl in which she had vomited the night before she discovered a curious creature with the head of a lizard of a lizard and a body not unlike that of a snake. She rapidly recovered and soon regained her former weight and strength. The reptile is preserved in alcohol, and the little Snyders now bring in their friends to show "Mamma's pet." Dr. Miller said that in all his experience he has never met with a paralell case. He has known of snakes living in persons for months and even years, but never for such a long period.—Times.

Some days ago John Hicks, a cigarmaker of Lancaster, called on Christian N. Landis, a wealthy farmer of E. Lampeter township, Lancaster county, and persuaded him to have a lot of cigars made, telling him that it was necessary to stamp them. After making the cigars Hicks came to town and took Harry Metzgar, a horse jockey, to Landis' home. Metzgar pretended to be a revenue official and threatened to have Landis arrested for having unstamped cigars, unless he paid him $100. Landis finally gave him $20, which he divided with Hicks. The revenue officers had Metzgar arrested for representing himself as a government officer. Hicks escaped and Landis was complained against for having the unstamped cigars.

At Wiona, Minnesota, Christmas Day was celebrated in a novel manner by a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi to Fountain City. Two hundred citizens, uniformed in linen dusters and straw hats, and carrying fans, made the trip up the river. A band furnished music for the dancing, and lemonade and other refreshments were dispensed. Up to this time not a flake of snow has been seen there this year; mercury has not gone lower than 40 degrees above, and masons and carpenters work out of doors without interruption.

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Philadelphia Times truthfully says: Governor Beaver has been something of a traveler himself and speaks whereof he knows when he says that the highways of Pennsylvania are not creditable to the great Commonwealth which pays for their maintenance. If legislation can mend the ways over which we must walk and drive, the Legislature should provide the best laws possible on this subject. But the trouble is not so much with the present road laws as with the men who are chosen to carry out their provisions. In localities where practical road makers are selected as supervisors and overseers, goods already exist. If the selection of such men could by any means be made universal, no new laws would be required, and until this is possible the best of road laws will not result in good roads.

INTERESTING TO HORSE OWNERS.

A marvelous Discovery. Dr. Checini's Electric Spvin Cure positively removes Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb in 72 hours without pain or injury. Price $2 large bottles, $3 00. Illustrated circulars and Testimonials sent receipt of 2 cent stamp, NICHOLS & CO., 886 Broadway, New York.

Fires in York County.

The York Dispatch says: "The bank barn of Levi Dubbs, in West Manheim township, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon with all its contents. The live stock was saved. Within the past three months six barns have been destroyed in that section within a compass of four miles."

The banking house of Weiser, Son & Carl, at York, will be closed, the firm having sold their building, business and good will to the York County National Bank, for $37,000. Messrs. Carl and Weiser have been connected with the banking business for over 30 years, and have acquired handsome fortunes.

A new post office has been established 5 miles from Mt. Holly, Cumberland county, called Mountera.

VEERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

MARRIED.

Dec. 23, by Rev. J. A. Hankey, Mr. Harry M. Bricker, of Menallen twp., to Miss Sally Miller, of Idaville.

Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Koser, Mr. Jno. H. Cluck to Miss Minnie A. Walter, both of McKnightstown.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Wm. B. Deardorff to Miss Ella Eicholtz, both of Mummasburg.

Dec. 18, by Rev. J. Eckersley, Mr. Wm. Daugherty, of Highland twp., to Miss Laura Musselman, of Fairfield.

Dec. 25, by Rev. Adam Brown, Mr. Tetrach Griest to Miss Louisa Gramer, both of Latimore twp.

Dec. 18, by Rev. H. Heilman, Mr. Chas. B. Gettier to Miss Lillie Shriver, both of this county.

Dec. 25, by J. W. Bachman, Esq., Mr. J. W. Kunkle, of Straban twp., to Miss Sadie Nary, of Mt. Pleasant twp.

Dec. 23, by Rev. J. Tomlinson, Mr. Edward P. Miller to Miss Miriam J. Baker, both of Abbottstown.

Dec. 16, by Rev. F. Lindaman, Mr. John Schwartz to Miss Ellen Stambaugh, both of Union twp.

Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Koser, Mr. H. W. W. Taylor to Miss Clara Hoffman, both of Menallen twp.

Dec. 25, by Rev. M. Sangree, Mr. Reuben W. Taylor, of Menallen twp., to Miss Effie Plank, of Franklin twp.

Dec. 29, by Rev. Dr. Swartz, Mr. Henry Rhine to Miss Mary A. Culp, both of Gettysburg.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

Nov. 10, near White Hall, Mountpleasant twp., Mr. William Cornell aged 71 years, 5 months and 25 days. Dec. 17, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Cornell, aged 71 years, 6 months and 29 days.

Dec. 24, near Cashtown, Miss Elizabeth Biesecker, aged 76 years, 5 months and 24 days.

Dec. 19, in Heidlersburg, Jeremiah Hoffman, aged 62 years, 3 months and 5 days.

Dec. 24, in Gettysburg, Eliza McCleary, in the 70th year of her age.

Dec. 26, in Freedom twp., George Null, aged about 72 years.

James Gilmore, of Boston, Crawford county, Ind., has been annoyed by persons stealing and riding his horses at night. Saturday night he awoke and saw some one at the stable door. He shot, and, going to the stable, found his own 14-year-old son mortally wounded.

DOES IT PAY?

Three-fourths of our people are troubled with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint in some form or other, which by nature of the disease has a depressing influence on the mind or body, preventing them from thinking or acting clearly in any matter of importance. Indigestion, coming up of food after eating, dyspepsia, sick headache, acidity of the stomace or any derangement of the stomach or liver (upon which the whole action of our system depends) are speedily and effectually overcome by the use of Green's August Flower. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its influence, as thousands of letters received will testify. The immense sale of this medicine is another guarantee of its merits, (over a million and a half bottles sold last year.) So we ask, will it pay to suffer from any of the above diseases when you can have immediate relief in the August Flower. Three doses will prove its worth. It is sold by all druggists and general dealers in all parts of the world.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by H. J. Myers

Choice Wheat, longberry	90 @	92
No. 2, " "	86 @	88
Fultz "	90 @	92
No. 2, "	86 @	88
Baked "	68 @	71
Rye, ...	47 @	49
Corn, ...	37 @	39
Oats, ...	25 @	28
Clover Seed, ...	3 00 @	4 00
Timothy Seed, ...	1 00 @	2 00
Timothy Hay, ...	7 00 @	9 00
Rye Straw, ...	7 00 @	8 00

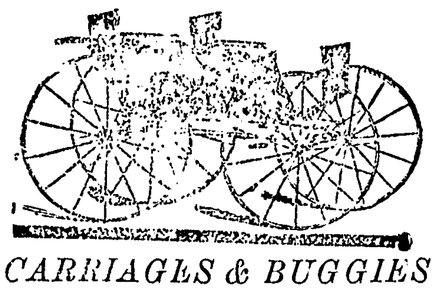
GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.,

AT NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned continues the Grain and Produce business at the old stand on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., and will always pay the highest market prices for

FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER SEED, TIMOTHY SEED, FLAX SEED, HAY, &c.; and will keep on hand for sale at the smallest profits GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, BACON, FLOUR AND FEED, SOAP, TAR, OILS, and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of the kind. Mill feed for sale; also Prime Timothy seed. Thankful to the public for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

H. J. Myers.



CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.,

(Successors to Weaver & Co.,)

Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!

of every description.

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout,—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision; and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular

Top and No Top Buggies, Jump Seats, for 2 and 4 passengers, Extension-Top Phaetons, Brewster Side-Bar Buggies
Plain Box Buggies, 2 and 3
Spring Phaetons, Dayton
Wagons, &c

We are prepared to do all kinds of repairing such as Painting, Smithing, Trimming, and Wood-work. All work done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Call and see our stock. BOND & CO., Corner of High and Bolton Sts., New Oxford, Pa.

Photographs!

Special Offer for the

HOLIDAYS!

Only 99c. for 8 beautiful fine cabinets of yourself.

Only 99c. for your photograph taken large.

Only 99c. to enlarge your small photographs.

Only 50c. for 6 card photographs.

Tin Types, only 25 cents.

PICTURE FRAMES, ONLY

25, 40, 50 and 75 cents. Very finest, only $1.25.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Pictures guaranteed in style equal to any city work. Come and see and judge for youselves.

J. O. BOSSERMAN Photographer, over Snively's Drug Store, Fountain Square, Hanover, Pa.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,

NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 28apr80-1y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

25 PER CENT.

I will positively save you on every dollar's worth **Boots and Shoes** you buy of me. My fall and winter stock, which I have just received, is the largest in town and consists of

Ladies' Heavy Shoes, Calf and Oil Grain,	$1.00
Ladies' Fine Morocco Dress, Button & Lace,	1.25
Ladies' Fine Dongola " " "	1.50
Ladies' Fine Kid " " "	1.75

and so on up to $5, which includes our hand made shoes. Women's heavy shoes for winter wear, wool lined, from $1 up. Ladies' Rubber Shoes, I have in endless assortment and will sell them cheaper than any store in town. Misses' and Infants' shoes and rubbers, I have too many styles to mention. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. Men's heavy boots and shoes, the best in town, and every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Men's and Boys' fine boots and shoes, I have a large stock on hand and can suit everybody. Men's and Boys' rubber boots and shoes guaranteed to give satisfaction or I will give you a new pair for every pair that don't wear well. Give me an early call.

D. MYERS,

At Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

SANTA CLAUSE

has arrived with bargains in

WATER SETS, CHAMBR SETS, LAMPS, &c.

Candies, 12 cents a Pound.

Old Fashioned Mixture, Rock Cuts and Cedar Toys, 15c. a Pound

Burnt and Cream Almonds.

Fine French Candies and Nuts.

WILLIS TRIMMER

Middle Room Miller's Building, formerly occupied by C. E. Diehl.

CENTRE SQUARE, NE OXFORD, PA.

WE invite Special Attention

TO OUR NEW FALL GOODS. WE OFFER MANY BARGAINS

Our Merchant Tailoring Department

filled with the latest styles of Scotch Suitings, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Corkscrews, Diagonal Worsteds, &c. Remember every garment we make, we guarantee a fit or no sale. In

READY-MADE CLOTHING

we show a larger stock than ever before, and at lower prices.

Children's Suits for $1.25 and upwards. Men's Suits for $2.50 and upwards.
Men's Black Suits for $5 and upwards. Men's Scotch Suits for $5 and upwards.
Men's Blue Suits, all wool, color guaranteed, suitable for Grand Army use, or dress, $10. These are as good as many $15 suits. All these special Bargains just mentioned you must see before you can realize how cheap they are. A full stock of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS at bottom prices.

Also, Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Laces, Carpets, Oil Carpets, Live Geese Feathers, &c.

Guinet's Black Silks, all guaranteed not to cut, Colored Silks in all the leading shades. Henrietta Cloths, Cashmeres, Tricots, and many new dress goods very cheap.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing, we will save you money.

CARVER & LITTLE, Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., Hanover.

Graet Bargains In

FURNITURE!

Are now being offered at

P. FEISER'S CHEAP FURNITURE ROOMS,

Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock of

Sideboards, Bedsteads,

Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money, than any house in the county. ☞ UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches.

1feb89 PETER FEISER.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF ANTHONY SMALL, Dec'd.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Anthony Small, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAMES HOOKENSMITH, Administrator.

Nov. 30, 88-6t.

Adam Forepaugh's elephant Bolivar having become too heavy for travel, has been presented to the Philadelphia Zoological Society. He is the largest animal of his kind in captivity, although only 25 years old. He eats a ton of hay a week.

To the General Public!

NEW DRUG STORE

J. W. Barnitz,

having purchased the Drug Store formerly occupied by E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable prices.

A BIG LOT OF

NEW TYPE

makes us better prepared to do

JOB WORK!!

Neat and Quick Work. Low Prices.

The New Oxford Item.

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For months she tasted nothing but meat and milk. Her family physician, Dr. Miller, thought that dyspepsia was the cause of her sickness and prescribed accordingly. This state of affairs continued for ten years. The reptile had grown to considerable size and strength and was still growing and her death was soon expected. She had never tasted beer until the early part of last month, when an untrollable desire for that beverage seized her. Officer Snyder was surprised when he came home at night and his wife asked that beer be procured for her. He granted the request and with happy results. The sight of the liquor made her sick, but, nevertheless, believing that it should be taken, she drank several glasses full and in a few minutes was seized with violent fits of vomiting. Feeling faint she turned very white and fainted.

Mr. Snyder placed her in bed and in the morning she felt wonderfully improved. On looking in the bowl in which she had vomited the night before she discovered a curious creature with the head of a lizard of a lizard and a body not unlike that of a snake. She rapidly recovered and soon regained her former weight and strength. The reptile is preserved in alcohol, and the little Snyders now bring in their friends to show "Mamma's pet." Dr. Miller said that in all his experience he has never met with a paralell case. He has known of snakes living in persons for months and even years, but never for such a long period.—Times.

Some days ago John Hicks, a cigarmaker of Lancaster, called on Christian N. Landis, a wealthy farmer of E. Lampeter township, Lancaster county, and persuaded him to have a lot of cigars made, telling him that it was necessary to stamp them. After making the cigars Hicks came to town and took Harry Metzgar, a horse jockey, to Landis' home. Metzgar pretended to be a revenue official and threatened to have Landis arrested for having unstamped cigars, unless he paid him $100. Landis finally gave him $20, which he divided with Hicks. The revenue officers had Metzgar arrested for representing himself as a government officer. Hicks escaped and Landis was complained against for having the unstamped cigars.

At Wiona, Minnesota, Christmas Day was celebrated in a novel manner by a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi to Fountain City. Two hundred citizens, uniformed in linen dusters and straw hats, and carrying fans, made the trip up the river. A band furnished music for the dancing, and lemonade and other refreshments were dispensed. Up to this time not a flake of snow has been seen there this year; mercury has not gone lower than 40 degrees above, and masons and carpenters work out of doors without interruption.

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Philadelphia Times truthfully says: Governor Beaver has been something of a traveler himself and speaks whereof he knows when he says that the highways of Pennsylvania are not creditable to the great Commonwealth which pays for their maintenance. If legislation can mend the ways over which we must walk and drive, the Legislature should provide the best laws possible on this subject. But the trouble is not so much with the present road laws as with the men who are chosen to carry out their provisions. In localities where practical road makers are selected as supervisors and overseers, goods already exist. If the selection of such men could by any means be made universal, no new laws would be required, and until this is possible the best of road laws will not result in good roads.

INTERESTING TO HORSE OWNERS.

A marvelous Discovery. Dr. Checini's Electric Spvin Cure positively removes Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb in 72 hours without pain or injury. Price $2 large bottles, $3.00. Illustrated circulars and Testimonials sent receipt of 2 cent stamp, NICHOLS & CO., 586 Broadway, New York.

Fires in York County.

The York Dispatch says: "The bank barn of Levi Dubbs, in West Manheim township, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon with all its contents. The live stock was saved. Within the past three months six barns have been destroyed in that section within a compass of four miles."

The banking house of Weiser, Son & Carl, at York, will be closed, the firm having sold their building, business and good will to the York County National Bank, for $37,000. Messrs. Carl and Weiser have been connected with the banking business for over 30 years, and have acquired handsome fortunes.

A new post office has been established 5 miles from Mt. Holly, Cumberland county, called Mountera.

VEERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

MARRIED.

Dec. 23, by Rev. U. A. Hankey, Mr. Harry M. Bricker, of Menallen twp., to Miss Sally Miller, of Idaville.

Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Koser, Mr. Jno. H. Cluck to Miss Minnie A. Walter, both of McKnightstown.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Wm. B. Deardorff to Miss Ella Echoltz, both of Mummasburg.

Dec 18, by Rev. J. Eckersley, Mr. Wm. Dougherty, of Highland twp., to Miss Laura Musselman, of Fairfield.

Dec. 25, by Rev. Adam Brown, Mr. Tetrach Griest to Miss Louisa Gramer, both of Latimore twp.

Dec. 18, by Rev. H. Heilman, Mr. Chas. B. Gettier to Miss Lillie Shriver, both of this county.

Dec. 25, by J. W. Bachman, Esq., Mr. J. W. Kunkle, of Straban twp., to Miss Sadie Nary, of Mt. Pleasant twp.

Dec. 23, by Rev. J. Tomlinson, Mr. Edward P. Miller to Miss Mariam J. Baker, both of Abbottstown.

Dec. 16, by Rev. F. Lindaman, Mr. John Schwartz to Miss Ellen Stambaugh, both of Union twp.

Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Koser, Mr. H. W. W. Taylor to Miss Clara Hoffman, both of Menallen twp.

Dec. 25, by Rev. M. Sangree, Mr. Reuben W. Taylor, of Menallen twp., to Miss Effie Plank, of Franklin twp.

Dec. 29, by Rev. Dr. Swartz, Mr. Henry Rhine to Miss Mary A. Culp, both of Gettysburg.

DIED.

Death free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

Nov. 10, near White Hall, Mountpleasant twp., Mr. William Cornell aged 71 years, 5 months and 25 days. Dec. 17, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Cornell, aged 71 years, 6 months and 29 days.

Dec. 24, near Cashtown, Miss Elizabeth Biesecker, aged 76 years, 5 months and 24 days.

Dec. 19, in Heidlersburg, Jeremiah Hoffman, aged 62 years, 3 months and 5 days.

Dec. 24, in Gettysburg, Eliza McCleary, in the 70th year of her age.

Dec. 26, in Freedom twp., George Null, aged about 72 years.

James Gilmore, of Poston, Crawford county, Ind., has been annoyed by persons stealing and riding his horses at night. Saturday night he awoke and saw some one at the stable door. He shot, and, going to the stable, found his own 14-year-old son mortally wounded.

DOES IT PAY?

Three-fourths of our people are troubled with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint in some form or other, which by nature of the disease has a depressing influence on the mind or body, preventing them from thinking or acting clearly in any matter of importance. Indigestion, coming up of food after eating, dyspepsia, sick headache, acidity of the stomace or any derangement of the stomach or liver (upon which the whole action of our system depends) are speedily and effectually overcome by the use of Green's August Flower. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its influence, as thousands of letters received will testify. The immense sale of this medicine is another guarantee of its merits, (over a million and a half bottles sold last year.) So we ask, will it pay to suffer from any of the above diseases when you can have immediate relief in the August Flower. Three doses will prove its worth. It is sold by all druggists and general dealers in all parts of the world.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by H. J. Myers

Choice Wheat, longberry	90 @	92
No. 1, " "	86 @	88
Fulz "	90 @	92
No. 2, "	86 @	88
Baked "	68 @	71
Rye, ...	47 @	49
Corn, ...	37 @	39
Oats, ...	25 @	28
Clover Seed, ...	3 00 @	4 00
Timothy Seed, ...	1 00 @	2 00
Timothy Hay, ...	7 00 @	9 00
Rye Straw, ...	7 00 @	8 00

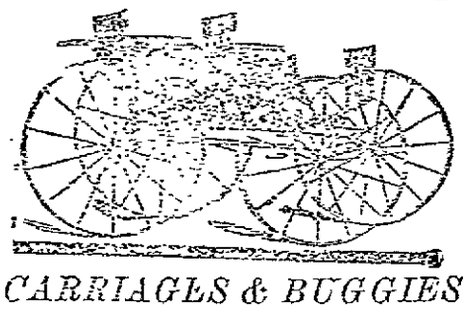
GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.,

AT NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned continues the Grain and Produce business at the old stand on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., and will always pay the highest market prices for

FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER SEED, TIMOTHY SEED, FLAX SEED, HAY, &c., and will keep on hand for sale at the smallest profits GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, BACON, FLOUR AND FEED, SOAP, LARD, OILS, and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of the kind. Mill feed for sale; also Prime Timothy seed. Thankful to the public for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

H. J. Myers.



CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.,

(successors to Weaver & Co.,)

Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!

of every description.

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision; and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular

Top and No Top Buggies, Jump Seats, for 2 and 4 passengers, Extension-Top Phaetons, Brewster Side-Bar Buggies, Plain Box Buggies, 2 and 3 Spring Phaetons, Dayton Wagons, &c.

We are prepared to do all kinds of repairing such as Painting, Smithing, Trimming, and Wood-work. All work done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Call and see our stock. BOND & CO., Corner of High and Lollon Sts., New Oxford, Pa.

Photographs!

Special Offer for the

HOLIDAYS!

Only 99c. for 8 beautiful fine cabinets of yourself.

Only 99c. for your photograph taken large.

Only 99c. to enlarge your small photographs.

Only 50c. for 6 card photographs.

Tin Types, only 25 cents.

PICTURE FRAMES, ONLY 25, 40, 50 and 75 cents. Very finest, only $1.25.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Pictures guaranteed in style equal to any city work. Come and see and judge for yourselves.

J. O. BOSSERMAN Photographer, over Snively's Drug Store, Fountain Square, Hanover, Pa.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,

NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr80-1y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 192 Fulton Street, N. Y.

25 PER CENT.

I will positively save you on every dollar's worth Boots and Shoes you buy of me. My fall and winter stock, which I have just received, is the largest in town and consists of Ladies' Heavy Shoes, Calf and Oil Grain, $1. Ladies' Fine Morocco Dress, Button & Lace, 1. Ladies' Fine Dongola " " " 1. Ladies' Fine Kid " " " 1. and so on up to $5, which includes our hand made shoes. Women's heavy shoes for winter wear, wool lined, from $1 up. Ladies' Rubber Shoes, I have in endless assortment and will sell them cheaper than any store in town. Misses' and Infants' shoes and rubbers, I have too many styles to mention. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. Men's heavy boots and shoes, the best in town and every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Men's and Boys' fine boots and shoes. I have a large stock on hand and can suit everybody. Men's and Boys' rubber boots and shoes guaranteed to give satisfaction or I will give you a new pair for every pair that don't wear well. Give me an early call.

D. MYERS,

At Andrew Deihone & Bro.'s Old Stand, Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

SANTA CLAUSE

has arrived with bargains in

WATER SETS, CHAMBR SETS, LAMPS, &c.

Candies, 12 cents a Pound.

Old Fashioned Mixture, Rock Candy and Cedar Toys, 15c. a Pound.

Burnt and Cream Almonds.

Fine French Candies and Nuts.

WILLIS TRIMMER

Middle Room Miller's Building, formerly occupied by C. E. Diehl.

CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

WE invite Special Attention

TO OUR NEW FALL GOODS. WE OFFER MANY BARGAINS

Our Merchant Tailoring Department

filled with the latest styles of Scotch Suitings, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Corkscrews, Diagonals, Worsteds, &c. Remember every garment we make, we guarantee a fit or no sale. In

READY-MADE CLOTHING

we show a larger stock than ever before, and at lower prices.

Children's suits for $1.25 and upwards. Men's suits for $2.50 and upwards.

Men's Black Suits for $5 and upwards. Men's Scotch suits for $5 and upwards.

Men's Blue Suits, all wool, color guaranteed, suitable for Grand Army use, or dress, $

These are as good as many $15 suits. All these special Bargains just mentioned you must see before you can realize how cheap they are. A full stock of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS at bottom prices.

Also, Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Laces, Carpets, Oil Carpets, Live Geese Feathers, &c.

Guinet's Black Silks, all guaranteed not to cut, Colored Silks in all the leading shades. Henrietta Cloths, Cashmeres, Tricots, and many new dress goods very cheap.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing, we will save you money.

CARVER & LITTLE, Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., Hanover.

Great Bargains In

FURNITURE!

Are now being offered at

P. FEISER'S CHEAP FURNITURE ROOMS,

Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock of

Sideboards, Bedsteads,

Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks, &c., of my own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money than any house in the county. UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches.

Feb59 PETER FEISER.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF ANTHONY SMALL, Dec'd.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Anthony Small, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAMES HOCKENSMITH, Administrator.

Nov. 30, 88-6t.

Adam Forepaugh's elephant Bolivar having become too heavy for travel, has been presented to the Philadelphia Zoological Society. He is the largest animal of his kind in captivity, although only 25 years old. He eats a ton of hay a week.

To the General Public

NEW DRUG STORE

J. W. Barnitz,

has just purchased the Drug Store formerly occupied by P. G. Cook, respectfully solicits the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable prices.

A BIG LOT OF

NEW TYPE

makes us better prepared to do

JOB WORK!!

Neat and Quick Work. Low Prices

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

IN THE WOODS.

Every hollow full of ferns,
Turning yellow in their turns:
Straggling brambles fierce and wild,
Yielding berries to the child;
Oakball tumbling from the tree,
Beechnuts dropping silently,
Hosts of leaves come down to die,
Leaving openings to the sky;
Bluebells, foxgloves, gone to seed,
Everything to death decreed;
Nothing left of flowers or buds—
Such is autumn in the woods.

And so is there an autumn known
To the heart. It feels alone,
Fearing its best days are past;
Sees the future overcast!
Fond acquaintance broken through,
Friends departed; friends untrue,
Human flowers are cold and dead,
Covered by a grassy bed;
Hopes, late blossoms putting out,
Withered soon, and flung about
By cruel winds; dead doubts and fears
Finding vent in sudden tears.
Yes, there is an autumn known
To some hearts thus left alone.

Yet there's this thought after all,
Ferns may fade and leaves may fall,
Hearts may change and prove untrue,
All may look as these woods do—
Though sad autumn here is given,
Springtime waits the just in heaven.

—*Chambers's Journal*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An ill-word—Sick.

A serious blow—A cyclone.

Moving wax-work—Bee-hive.

Hair may be plaited and yet be golden.

The banjo player picks his way through life.

The light fantastic tow—A blonde wig.

Hyphen is the god of typographical marriage.

She stoops to corncure—The female chiropodist.

A circus tumbler should never be full. —*Boston Globe.*

A domestic broil usually makes a very unsatisfactory meal.

"Wet weather," as the sheep said when it fell into the creek.

What the farmer requires is mower cultivating facilities.

Passengers musn't expect to hear the jib boom in calm weather.

When he loses his cow is when an undertaker tries to overtak'er.

It is the tillers of the soil who steer the ship of state.—*Albany Journal.*

The cowboy is like a dramatic star—He is supported by a stock company.

Canoeing is something a man knows more about after he has been given a "tip."

Salt air is oftentimes trying to the voice, yet most singers like to go to C.—*Ocean.*

Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies—excepting, perhaps, in a horse-car.

The worst motto a dentist can have is: "Try, try again"—the worst for the other fellow.

Few ladies have the courage to face an unsympathizing world with their hair done up in curl papers.

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.—*Journal of Education.*

Bustles are going out. Five hundred dozen went out from a sing e factory in Bridgeport the other day.—*Drake's Magazine.*

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked Sir Boyle Roche. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Poor Father Time! What a horrible old inebriate he must be!—that is if it be true that time is money and that money is always tight.

Now doth the little urchin
With the grim blackwalnut fight,
And don a pair of black kid gloves
That he can take off at night.
—*Danville Breeze.*

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches."

Absolutely Correct—"What type of face should you call that?" said one person to another in the photograph gallery. "That," replied the other, after examining the picture closely, "is a tin type."—*Judge.*

A London Policeman's Way.

In St. Petersburg if a policeman is proved to have dealt a prisoner a blow General Gresser punishes him severely. The constables in St. Petersburg are armed with revolvers which are unloaded and swords which are seldom drawn. In London the constable has neither sword nor revolver, but he is armed with a truncheon which he uses with a freedom and an impunity that would make the Russian Prefect of Police stand aghast. Recently, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich Magistrate that P. C. 200 M. had threatened to break new prisoner's arm with his truncheon, and had then leveled a blow at his head, which fortunately missed him, but knocked off the top of an iron railing. Nothing daunted, P. C. 200 M. then struck a second blow, and this time he felled his man insensible. All that was done to him was to mark the charge sheet that "he had used his staff without sufficient justification"—a fact which probably will mark him out for promotion to special service in Trafalgar square.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Quantity of Salt for Stock.

It is stated that the proper daily allowance of salt is, for a sheep, one-half to three-fourths of an ounce; for a horse, one ounce; for a fattening hog, one to one and one-half ounce; for a milch cow or work ox, two ounces; for a fattening stall-fed ox, two and one-half to four and one-half ounces. Salt is said to increase the saliva. It certainly seems to make foods more palatable to animals.

Storing Squashes.

Farmers who have a supply of good squashes—such as the Hubbard, for example—should store enough of them for winter use, when they will prove a luxury. Squashes should be kept in a warm, dry place, where they can be frequently looked over to remove the speckled ones. The best temperature is from forty to sixty degrees, and those who have a cellar in which is a furnace for heating the house will find this a good place for storing their supply of squashes. They should be placed on shelves near the furnace, and ought to be looked over often. The best varieties for keeping are the hard-shelled Turban and Hubbard.—*New York Witness.*

Hints About Butchering.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are fed within twelve hours of their killing, the food is wasted, the meat will be more disposed to sour, and it will be more difficult to remove the distended intestines and take from them the lard. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs cannot be killed too quickly. The more rapidly they are killed, and the blood got out of them, the better. A well directed blow on the head, between and just in front of the ears, will make the animal unconscious; but the chances for a mis-stroke are so many, and as the stroke makes unfit for use considerable meat, this method of killing cannot be recommended. The use of the shot-gun is no better. The rifle is the weapon to use—a ball on a line from the base of the ear to the opposite eye produces instant death and does not cause the waste of any meat.—*American Agriculturist.*

Good Method of Oiling Harness.

To oil harness well, take the harness apart, wherever it can be unbuckled; give each strap a good wash, using lukewarm water with a little washing soda in it. Scrub well with a scrubbing brush, and be sure that you get all the grease and dirt off. Work well in the hands until soft and pliant, for it is no use to apply oil on dry, horny leather, it will never become soft. After this has been done, hang in a room where they will not dry too rapidly, until about three parts dry. Then apply plentifully on both sides pure cod oil—this has more body and lasting quality than any other grease for leather tanned with bark. Besides, if you use neats-foot oil, rats and mice will eat your harness, while that greased with cod oil they will not touch. After giving a good coat of this oil, hang up until dry. Then I would go over them again with the oil, giving them but a slight coat of it this time. After that dries in, wipe off with a dry, coarse cloth. For common work harness nothing more is needed, but for carriage harness go over with a sponge and castile soap, and wipe with a dry chamois skin, and you may depend upon it there will be no black to rub off your hands.—*Courier Journal.*

Keeping Cabbages for Spring Use.

Cabbages can be kept through the winter out of doors better than they can in the cellar, if the work is properly done. Select a position in the lee of a tight board fence or building, and dig down about two feet. From the bottom of this pit lay a drain that will carry off any water that may come into it, unless the soil is gravelly enough to drain itself. Then lay down some old boards or rails as a floor, and put on that a covering of straw or poor hay. Trim off nearly all the loose outer leaves of the cabbage, just leaving two or three of the innermost ones. Pack them carefully upon the straw, stem end uppermost. The roots may be left on or cut off as may seem most convenient. They seem to keep quite as well when the root is taken off, and they make much better stowage. They cannot be packed too closely, but it is not well to put them more than three or four tiers deep. Cover them now with straw, and upon that put an inch or two of earth. The pile should be highest in the centre, and some of the straw should be allowed to come above the soil at the highest point, that it may act as a ventilator to allow the escape of the warm air in the pit. As the weather grows colder, cover with more earth until it is from one to two feet deep. The object of the covering is not to prevent freezing, but to make the freezing and thawing process as gradual as it can be made. If the heap is a large one, there should be a ventilator of projecting straws to every ten feet square, and these should be so arranged that but little water will go down them. A little will not do any harm. Packed in this way they can be kept until spring, or they can be taken out for market at any time during the winter. If there comes a long thaw in January or February, it will be well to open the heap enough to examine the cabbages to see how they are keeping; but usually if, from the work not having been well done, or from any cause, they begin to decay, it can be detected by the odor which will come from the ventilators at evening after a warm day.—*American Cultivator.*

Co-operative Dairying.

Mr. John Boyd, well known in dairy circles in the West, believes in co-operative dairying. He has made many speeches in behalf of this plan, showing by facts and figures the profits accruing therefrom. In a communication to the *Prairie Farmer* he states the case as follows:

The co-operative plan has proved to be the best system of managing creameries. The farmers form a corporation or association, subscribe the necessary capital, and elect officers annually, to attend to the business. A factory is built and equipped, and an experienced butter-maker employed. The cream is brought to the factory, manufactured, the products sold, and the proceeds, after deducting expenses (including 6 per cent on the capital, and usually a small reserve fund), are divided monthly among the patrons, according to the amount of milk or cream each has furnished. In this way, the farmers do the business themselves, at the smallest possible expense, and get all there is to be made out of it. They are independent of contractors, or of private creamery managers. The patrons get their pay regularly, and know whom they are dealing with. By all means, therefore, a creamery should be a farmers' co-operative institution.

One great advantage of the cream-gathering system is that the patron living near the creamery possesses no advantage over the patron living at a distance—the gatherer collects the cream of each, and the expense is borne equally by all. The patrons don't have to spend valuable time delivering their cream to the factory—it is all taken at their own doors. The expense of this method is reduced to a minimum, because of the decreased bulk of cream compared with milk. Those who know the bother of delivering milk at factories or railroad stations twice daily during the busy season will appreciate this point.

Among the other advantages of cream over milk gathering is the very important fact that the skim milk is left on the farm. If not sold, the skim milk is fed out on the farm, increasing the amount of stock, manure, crops, and thus the whole income of the farm. Nor is there any material shrinkage of cream in handling, owing to its smaller bulk, compared with the loss of a large quantity of milk. The skim milk, being kept clean and sweet, commands a high price in market.

The element of injustice is reduced to the minimum. Milk varies enormously in the quantity of butter it will produce; in cream, this variation is comparatively slight. The same quantity of Jersey milk will produce more spaces of cream than an equal quantity of native cow's milk. Thus the owners of Jerseys or good cows get the benefit of their superior product, instead of having to put it on equality with poor milk. There is, therefore, every inducement to improve one's stock, and breed cows that will give the greatest amount of cream. The result is seen in the better stock in the vicinity of cream-gathering creameries.

The milk of each patron being set in a Cooly creamer, is raised under essentially the same conditions—fully as much so as is milk set in a milk-gathering factory. The injury to the cream by being carried to the creamery is certainly no greater than the injury to the milk by similar transportation, for the cream-transportation cans have an interior floating device to prevent all churning. The last prop of the milk system is thus knocked away.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Save the dry leaves for covering tender plants and bedding animals.

It is better to teach the cows gentleness than to saw off their horns.

A calf born in the fall or winter is worth two born in the spring, for profit.

White oak firkins are recommended as best in which to make cucumber pickles, and next to that stoneware.

It is better to have a heifer calf grow lank and pot-bellied but thrifty than one that keeps as "fat as a seal."

Farm machines and tools no longer needed should be put in good repair and safely sheltered for the winter.

Close up all cracks, repair broken windows and make stables and poultry-houses warm and weather-proof.

The planting of the hyacinth, crocus, narcissus and similar hardy bulbs, is in order until the ground freezes up.

"One egg a week will pay for the support of a hen," is the way one authority computes it. The rest is pure profit.

The gentle yet hardy little Kerry cows, so valued by the Irish cottagers, are claimed to be unequaled for family dairy purposes.

Waldo F. Brown tells in *Ohio Farmer* that he has experimented with salt as a fertilizer and has seen no effect whatever from its use.

"If you want a cow to do her best give her just as good quarters and as good care as you do your favorite horse," advises a Pennsylvania farmer.

Pasturing meadows in the fall not only lessens the fertility of the soil, but leaves the roots unprotected, and causes the ground to heave more easily in winter.

It is better to buy grain for cows, and feed pretty liberally of the growing corn crop, rather than turn stock on young clover, though the present copious rains may make the present autumn an exception in some sections.

Small potatoes, pumpkins, sugar beets, mangels and turnips thoroughly cooked and mixed with a mixture of equal parts ground oats, corn and mill feed form a food recommended by Baltimore *American* for fattening fall pigs.

Cork dust, in which Malaga grapes are shipped to dealers all over the country, and which can often be had from local merchants for the asking, is suggested by *Orchard and Garden* as excellent material in which the home consumer may keep grapes.

Experiments at the Iowa Agricultural College Station seem to prove that when infested land is ploughed up in order to bury the chinch bug, the furrow, to be effective, must be cut six inches deep, and when the land is not too hard, an inch or two deeper is advisable.

THE FARMS OF MEXICO.

PRIMITIVE METHODS OF CULTIVATION ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

A Plowman at Work—Land Owners and Their Peon Laborers—Ways of Transportation.

"As old as Egypt," said a fellow-traveler on a recent tour through Mexico, as he gazed from the window of a palace-car at the primitive plowing of a Mexican farmer. The plowman's costume seemed as unseasonable as the green of the neighboring fields—unseasonable, at least to us, who had left snows and blizzards only three days behind. He wore, after the manner of a Chinaman, a blouse or loose shirt of white cotton cloth, wide baggy pants of the same material, and a shawl—though the Mexican doesn't call it a shawl, but a zarape, and throws it over his shoulders, letting the long end hang down on the left side. A wide brimmed straw hat completed his costume.

You have seen pictures of the plows of the ancient Egyptians. Then you have a fair illustration of those of Mexico. They have one handle, are often hewn from hard-wood trees, the forks of which give them proper shape, and the tough-fibred wood is sufficient without a share of metal. Iron is scarcer than silver in Mexico. The plowman holds the single handle with one hand, and with the other and a long pole, goads the two, four or eight oxen which furnish the slow but sure motive power for this aboriginal cultivator. Some enterprising rancheros or farmers tried to introduce the American plow, but they were found to have too many handles and one was promptly sawed off, with which alteration they worked very well. The steel share of the American plow spoiled the Mexican plowman, and owing to the scarcity of iron in the country, the railroad companies commenced to miss their couplings, pins, and other loose iron; and the fish-plates distributed along the track for fastening the rails were appropriated, and, like the swords of ancient warriors, fashioned into plowshares. The crops are harvested with implements as primitive as the Egyptian plow, the sickle and the scythe doing duty in place of the reaper and the mower. Threshing-machines are comparatively unknown.

The hacienda is a plantation which may contain thousands or tens of thousands of acres, often owned by one man, whose acres are cultivated by the coons, as the natives are called, and who are practically his slaves, as they work on shares and are in debt from year to year to the owner of the lands, who collects his own with interest.

The home of the land-owner is also called the hacienda. It is located on some healthful hillside and resembles a walled town, with its arched gateways, towers and church belfry overlooking the walls, within which are gathered at night, on Sundays and feast days, the peon laborer, all the horses, cattle, and everything that is his, and are fed, man and beast. There is a church and priest at every hacienda, supported by the tribute exacted from all of high and low degree. Rich and poor must pay, according as the land has yielded substance—a duty religiously adhered to. As on the plantations in the South, the peons are supplied with what they need from the hacienda "commissary." Their wants are few, but the end of the year usually finds a balance against them, which must be deducted from the next crop, and thus the peon is ever "dealing in futures."

The farm wagon is as much a curiosity as the one-handled plow. It goes on two wheels. The wheels are very curiously wrought. They are sawed, or more properly hewn, from the trunk of a tree. Trees large enough for a wheel are scarce, and the wheel must be built in sections. The proper thickness, say six or eight inches, is cut off the tree; this is cut in half making two pieces, which are afterward joined together with other pieces, making a wheel not exactly round, but the Mexican does not care for that, so long as his wheel is big enough. A wooden axle, a tongue and a huge box or bed complete the vehicle—not a pretty one to be sure, but substantial enough to bear a load needing eight, ten and twelve oxen to draw it.

Mexican farm transportation does not go altogether on wheels. The burro, or donkey, is the chief beast of burden, and it can carry more than it can pull. Each hacienda has them in droves. The little animals are patient and untiring, and will trudge for miles to market or the railway station, with two to four sacks of corn or wheat, weighing more than their own body. In the mining districts, and from the stone quarries, they carry bags of silver ore, or slabs of stone, staggering over mountain roads, where a horse would not dare to go. I have seen a drove of burros coming to a city in the early morning, so concealed with their loads of garden-provender that only their little hoofs and the tips of their long ears could be seen, looking for all the world like walking hay-mows.

While the hacienda may own hundreds of burros, the peon may be too poor to possess one, and must carry on his own back the product of his labor. He will often carry as much as the burro. At Toluca I saw the most novel team I came across in all my travels. An Indian had hewn a stick of timber, about 8x10 inches, and twenty feet long, which he had placed on two wheels—or rather rollers, they were so small—and with his squaw (who had a baby on her back), and the burro, they three brought the timber from the mountains to market at Toluca, all working abreast in the harness.

Fruits, "garden-truck," chickens, turkeys and other poultry, pottery and light farm products, are brought to the cities from distances of thirty, forty and fifty miles, in slatted boxes or cages, strapped to each burro, or one on the back of an Indian peon. The contents sold, the homeward trudge is with a lighter load but a scarcely heavier pocket, the net profits having gone for pulque, the native drink, a new zarape, a rebozo for his wife, or a spreading, gilt edged sombrero, for your average Mexican will wear a thirty-dollar hat, if he goes barefooted. It is only the burro that must walk home, and it is always the unhappy lot of this one or that, to carry a burden both ways, for his master must ride home always, and sometimes with the load to market.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Horseshoes as Omens of Luck.

A gentleman at the head of a large horseshoe establishment in speaking of the origin of horseshoes the other day, gave the following interesting facts about these accepted omens of good luck. Said he:

"Historians assert that the practice of shoeing horses was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who instituted an office for the inspection of the farriers, and gave the city of Northampton, as a fief, to the person who held that office. Henry de Ferrers, ancestor of the famous Earl of Derby, and whose descendants still bear on their arms six horseshoes, received his title, probably, from having been inspector, the horses evidently being shod with iron.

The custom of covering the feet of their horses was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. In scenes of great magnificence, princes sometimes had their horses and mules shod with silver and gold. The mules of Nero were shod with silver, those of Poppaea, his wife, with gold; and when the Marquis of Bonifazio, of Tuscany, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, so magnificent were the decorations of his equipage that the horses were shod with silver; the nails were of the same metal, and if any dropped out they belonged to those who found them. Post horses were shod some time in the ninth century, but few of any other description; and, in conclusion, we may state that horseshoes have been found in the graves of some of the old Germans and Vandals in the northern countries, but the antiquity of them cannot be ascertained.—*New York Telegram.*

A Burglar's Imperturbability.

The remarkable coolness of a Pittsburg burglar assisted him to escape. He broke into a laundry, and while sorting the garments into a large clothes basket was surprised by two officers, who appeared at a window opening into the yard. The fellow worked so systematically and quietly that the officials thought that perhaps he was an employe of the establishment, and they, therefore asked him why he worked at so late an hour. He replied: "I am getting the things ready for the girls, who will be up soon to do the ironing. I get $40 a month, and have to work awful hard to keep my place." He then went to the window, and putting his arms on the sill said: "My, but this is a disagreeable night to be out in. I would not like to be in the place of either of you gentlemen. Won't you come inside and take a drink? I will open the wine cellar for you." The officers started for the kitchen door in the rear part of the yard, and the thief thereupon made for the front door and escaped, carrying with him many of the garments.—*Times-Democrat.*

A Faithful Servant.

A lady living alone in Marylebone, London, England, with very few, if any, friends or relations, was fortunate enough to win the attachment of a servant, who stayed with her fourteen years. It turned out, when the will was opened, that the lady had left all she died possessed of to the favorite domestic, on condition, however, that she should every year spend at least ten minutes at her grave. The fortunate legatee's friends lived in the North, near Carlisle, and she returned to them. She fulfils the terms of the will, however, by coming up the last night of every second year to London. She goes to the churchyard ten minutes before twelve and remains till ten minutes after twelve. Her visits to the grave are thus made every two years, and yet the conditions of the will are kept.—*New York Observer.*

A Remarkable Team of Horses.

George S. Farnsworth, of North Bridgton, Me., has a team that is worthy of notice. Mr. Farnsworth teams grain from South Paris to North Bridgton, a distance of fifteen miles, making several trips a week, besides doing other work with his team at home. The fact of interest about this team is this: The united ages of the three horses are eighty two years; the leader is thirty-two, and he has been in possession of the owner a great many years; the pole horses are each twenty-five, and Mr. Farnsworth has had them for the past seventeen years. They are of Morgan blood, and in the days of their youth few horses could out road them. The three are in good condition, fat as work horses ought to be; are almost free from blemishes, good eaters, and seem good for many years of service yet.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Brakemen's Slang.

The brakeman gives the prevailing tone to the "society" of despatchers' lobbies and other lounging places which he frequents. He originates whatever slang may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the caboose and roundhouse. He calls a gravel train a "dust express," and refers to the pump for compressing air for the power-brakes as a "wind-jammer." The fireman's prosaic labors are lightened by being poetically mentioned as the handling of black diamonds, and the mortification of being called into the Superintendent's office to explain some dereliction of duty is disguised by referring to the episode as "dancing on the carpet."—*Scribner.*

The New Oxford Item.

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BY H. I. SMITH.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

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FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY, 4TH, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The ½ mill increased county tax will amount to $5,887.98.

A camp of P. O. S. of A. was organized at Littlestown last week.

The Adams County Farmers' Institute will be held Feb. 19th and 20th.

Two large flocks of turkeys were stolen from as many farmers in York county, just before Christmas.

Some valuable property was recently stolen from George Kindig, near Sell's Station.

The Fire Company will elect officers this evening, and a full attendance of members is requested.

Prof. Jabe H. Miller, of this county, and Miss Mollie Blair, of Shippensburg, were married Wednesday.

Six turkies belonging to Capt. Jas. Hersh, Meadow Valley Farm, near Gettysburg, weighed 210 pounds.

Rev. Charles E. Stock, of Hanover, has been elected Grand Chaplain of the State Grand Lodge of Masons.

Mr. Jameson, formerly from Bendersville but now living at Florida, sent Mr. Jacob Routsong a barrel of oranges on Christmas from that State.

Mr. John Harbold, of Reading twp, has purchased the P. C. Smith property on Hanover street for $1300, and will remove there in the spring.

The York Opera House is for sale for $30,000, which is said to be $10,000 less than it cost.

A valuable horse belonging to Samuel Warner, at Jefferson, York county, was disembowled a few nights ago by jumping upon a post in his stable.

Mr. C. D. Smith, of McSherrystown, one day last week killed a hog that weighed 391 pounds, dressed.

Mr. Wm. Mummert killed for Miss Sarah Hostetter, of the same place, a beef 11 months old, that dressed—80 pounds.

The Hanover Citizen learns that the Misses Lizzie and Sallie Keller, sisters of the late Jesse Keller, Esq., have purchased Samuel Trone's farm in Penn township, York county.

Mr. Levi Wehler will build a new two-story frame house, on the corner of E. High and Church streets, in the spring.

J. W. Dicks and J. Mowry, Sr., will also build new houses in the spring—the former on Carlisle street and the latter on Philadelphia street.

We hear it stated that New Oxford is now sure of a new depot. The depot will be built on Pitt street, on land recently purchased by the Railroad Company from J. N. Hersh.

That valuable and highly recommended remedy for the disorders of babyhood, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, is absolutely free from all dangerous agents, and can be safely employed at all times. Price 25c.

Nothing removes an incipient cold more quickly and pleasantly than a reliable cathartic medicine, such as that old and tried remedy, Laxador; used by thousands of families throughout the land. Price 25c. a package.

A Fairfield correspondent says: The advent of railroad communication with our town has made business brisk for a beginning, and the outlook is flattering for the future. Rogers & Co. shipped their first car load of wheat from the Elevator last week, and Geo. Wortz the first car load of wood this week.

The masons have completed their work on the Depot building, and it is about ready for the slaters.

The R. R. Company has put down a nice board-walk from the Station to the angle in the public road at the residence of Joel B. Musselman, and some of those interested are now making an effort to have the road from that point to town widened to fifty feet.

W. C. Rogers is putting up a large stable on a lot near the station, and contemplates putting up a dwelling house in the spring.

Attention is called to the ad of A. H. Dixson & Son's Catarrh Remedy, on the 8th page of this paper.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixer, for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Mr. Gregory P. Topper, father of Mr. E. G. Topper and Mrs P. G. Breighner, of this place, died at his home in Liberty township, on the 2d inst., of Bright's disease, in the 78th year of his age. His remains were interred at Emmitsburg this morning.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

Pure gold always has its bas imitation. It is so with Salvation Oil, which is worth its weight in gold to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia, or gout. See that you get the genuine. 25 cents.

Judge McClean, the county commissioners, Wm. Ruff and George J. Bonner, Esq., were in Harrisburg last Wednesday as the guests of Dauphin county's commissioners. They were there for the purpose of inspecting the system of steam heat in the court house and jail.

A. Schmidt, bottler, of Hanover, wishes the return of all beer bottles now in New Oxford and vicinity, within 30 days. Should they not be returned within that time, parties holding them will be liable to cost of recovery. 1-4 2t.

The barn of Edward Sipe, near Strinestown, York county, was destroyed by fire with its contents, consisting of a two years crop of tobacco, a lot of corn, hay, staw, etc., on Friday morning. One cow perished in the flames.

Vincent Lundberg, of Stockholm, physician-in-chief to the King of Sweeden, recommends Hall's Vegetabl Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp and hair.

FOR SALE.—A first-class new Dayton Wagon, will be sold cheap. Inof G. N. WARNER & BRO., New Oxford.

The new Evangelical church at Kingsdale will be dedicated on Sunday.

CLINTON, N. J., Feb. 17, 1887.—While visiting Gettysburg, during the Holidays, I was handed some of your "Black Pills", and found them to be such a grand pill for headache, sour stomach, nervousness and the kidney and liver. I have since used the compound cathartics but they do not seem to have half the effect that your "Black Pills" do. Knowing them to be such a good pill, I would like you to send me six boxes of them at once. Very respectfully, JAS. S. JACOBS.

The Annual Assessment.

The assessed value of the real estate in Adams county this year is $10,847,632. There are returned 7,902 horses and mules, assessed at $355,337; and 9029 cows assessed at $169,289. The judgments, money at interest, &c., returned amounts to $2,206,395; and the occupation assessment reaches $363,860. The number of stages, hacks, etc., in the county amount to 4320. On all but money matters and hacks, stages, etc., there is a tax of three mills and a half, and on the exceptions named the tax is three mills.

New Year's Party.

Quite a number of little folks assembled at the home of Bernadette and Fannie Steffy on New Years night for a round of childish pleasure, and to celebrate the new born year. Among the jolly juveniles were: May Gilbert, Myrna Miller, Etta Smith, Carrie Weeks, Maud Cashman, Laura Sadler, Mary Schnell, Maud Wiand, Lillie LeFevre, H. Cook, John Miller, John Strahan Charlie Cook, Bennie Strahan and Dick Steffy. May their little hearts always be as joyous and happy as on this occasion. OBSERVER.

Sheriff Sales.

Friday, Jan. 25th, Sheriff Taughinbaugh will sell the following real estate at public sale at the Court house, Gettysburg:

Lot of ground and improvements in Berwick borough—property of J. B. Baum and wife.

Lot of ground and improvements in Littlestown—property of the heirs of Adam Black, deceased.

Tract of 10 acres and improvements in Hamilton township—property of Jno. Sprenkle.

A GREAT BATTLE.—Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Puritan cough and Consumption cure. Price 25cts.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

A Big Fire in New Oxford.

The people of New Oxford and vicinity entered upon the year 1889 at an unusually early hour, and equally as much excited in manner. At 3:30 o'clock their sweet slumbers of early morn were suddenly aroused by the quick calls of the fire alarm, when it was discovered that the large hay sheds, in connection with Mr. H. J. Myers' warehouse, were rapidly being consumed by the angry flames. The members of the fire company and other citizens hastily responded to the sound of the alarm and in 15 minutes after the first tap of the alarm the men with the engine were busily at work beating back the flames. It was soon found that the fire had already made too much progress to save the sheds or any of the contents, and that the warehouse and lumber yard were greatly in danger, so the attention of the men was directed to the immediate surroundings. By the faithful and energetic work of the firemen the flames were kept from spreading any further, but the sheds together with about 30 tons of hay, some straw, hay-press, &c., were entirely destroyed. Mr. Myers' loss is estimated at about $800, partially covered by insurance. Origin of fire unknown. The little fire engine, has, in this case, vindicated itself to be of inestimable value to the town, for without it the saving of the warehouse and lumber yard would have been impossible, and had the flames reached those points, the loss and suffering would have been the heaviest and severest ever sustained by the citizens of New Oxford. It was noticed that our firemen suffered considerably, and labored under a great disadvantage for want of proper equipments. This could and should be remedied by the proper authorities.

Officers Elected.

Theodore Pfeiffer Camp 60 S. V., will install the following officers on next Tuesday evening:

Captain—G. H. Roth.
1st Lieut.—F. C. McCadden.
2d Lieut.—J. W. Diehl.
Camp Council—A. E. Buckminster, L. J. Staub and J. W. Diehl.
Delegate to State Convention—A. E. Buckminster; alternate F. C. McCadden.

Accidents.

Miss Lillie Rupp, of Gettysburg, broke one of the small bones of her right ankle, last Wednesday evening, whilst practicing on roller skates at the Rink.

On Friday afternoon whilst several employees were on the roof of the recently burned W. M. R. R. Engine House, making repairs, the roof fell in. George Bowers fell into the pit, breaking his arm and receiving painful injuries about the shoulders.—Star.

Surgical Operation.

The Herald says: Our well-known townsman, Mr. Wm. Grumbine, of the firm of Grumbine, Brockley & Co., has been suffering for some time from serious illness. Finally the attending physician Dr. A. C. Wentz, thought it best to summon a specialist, and called the celebrated Dr. Wm. Pepper, of Philadelphia, who arrived on Wednesday morning. Mr. Grumbine was suffering from strangulated umbilical hernia, and a surgical operation was found necessary. Dr. J. W. White, of Philadelphia, was summoned by telegraph, and this noted surgeon arrived the same evening. He at once performed the operation, and reduced the hernia. Mr. Grumbine is doing as well as could be expected, and his recovery is anticipated, although without the operation he would not possibly have survived longer than a few days.

Since the above was in type, we have learned of Mr. Grumbine's death.

IF SUFFERING FROM CONSUMPTION, coughs and colds try Puritan cough and consumption cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit the medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 cents.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering, result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Burglary.

The residence of Mr. A. Smith, on Chestnut street, was entered by a burglar, Thursday night, who carried away Mr. Smith's pocket book containing $35 and some promissory notes. One of the sons coming home about 11 p. m found the outer doors unlocked. The family on retiring about 9 o'clock, had locked them, so the burglary must have been committed between these hours, although it was not discovered until next morning.—Herald.

The P. O. S. of A.'s Day.

The P. O. S. of A. parade announced in last week's issue, was a grand success. Soon after 12 o'clock on Tuesday noon, people from the vicinity of New Oxford and neighboring towns, began to come to town from all directions. When the noon train rolled into town, and brought with it, 65 delegates from the Hanover Camp, accompanied by the Hanover Silver Cornet Band, the town was enlivened by choice music, which gave an entire different aspect to the regular routine of our quiet little hamlet. While the members of the home Camp and those of Hanover Camp were waiting for other visiting camps to arrive, the Hanover band discoursed some excellent music, during the course of which the ITEM was by no means forgotten, on the contrary, we were remembered by a special serenade, for which we bow in thankful obeisance to the gentlemen concerned. Promptly at 2 o'clock the line of procession was formed in the following order: Chief marshals, Coleman and Marsh, followed by the Hanover band and camp delegates of 64 footmen; assistant marshals Hollinger and Haffer, followed by the Abbottstown fife and drum corps and 40 footmen from the Abbottstown and East Berlin camps; third assistant marshal Diehl, followed by Five Points Band and 30 members of New Oxford camp and commandery of 20 members. After the procession had paraded the principle streets of the town, they broke ranks in front of Eagle Hotel where an appropriate address was delivered by district president, D. J. A. Melhorn. At the close of his remarks the crowd began to call loud and long for a speech from Sowers of Hanover camp. Mr. S. briefly and ably responded to the call. After the speaking was over, a sumptuous turkey supper was served in the spacious rooms of the Eagle Hotel, where the appetites of about 200 guests were amply satisfied.

Deaths During 1888.

There were ten deaths in New Oxford Borough during 1888, as follows:

Feb. 5th, Mrs. Emma Lough.
March 12th, Michael McCadden.
March 24, Miss Lizzie McCadden.
March 24, Lotta M. Wehler.
April 21, David Sherman.
May 10, Dennis Staub.
June 8, Mrs. Susan Felix.
June 30, LeRoy M. Sellers.
July 17, Mrs. Mary Schriver.
Nov. 9, Daniel Hershey

A Prolific Cow.

On Thursday last a cow belonging to Mr. John Deardorff, of Carlisle street, gave birth to twin calves; the one, a perfectly formed and well developed calf, and the other, a sort of a monstrosity with two heads, having two mouths, four eyes and four ears. Otherwise the calf was naturally formed, with the exception of the one hind foot, where it had a double claw. The perfect calf is still alive, the other was lifeless when delivered.

Public Sales.

Bills for the following sales have been or will be printed at this office:

Jan. 19, Jas. Hockensmith, Adm'r, real estate of Anthony Small, dec'd, near Sugartown, Mt. Pleasant twp.

Feb. 28, Joseph Orndorff, Straban twp., ½ mile from Gettysburg, farm stock and implements.

March 5, Wm. D. Myers, Agt., Hamilton twp., farm stock and implements.

March 8, '89, L. A. Kobler, Mt. Pleasant township, live stock. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

March 9, Charles Strasbaugh, Mt. Pleasant township, stock, etc. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

March 11, Chas. A. Diehl, Oxford township, farm stock and implements.

March 18, Daniel Minter, Mountpleasant twp., farm stock, etc.

March 12th, Amos Lough, Butler twp., farming implements, etc. Colestock, Auct.

March 13th, John Mowry, on farm in Hamilton twp., stock, farm implements, etc.

March 16th, C. D. Taughinbaugh, near New Chester, farm stock and implements.

March 21, John Harbold, horses, cows, etc., ½ mile from New Chester, Reading township.

"High Flyers."

We are reliably informed, says the Compiler, that Mr. John March, of Butler township, has a lot of ducks that roost with the chickens on the fences and trees, and are quite at home in this singular habit.

Samuel Walter, of Fairfield, on going to his barn one morning last week found two of his cows' horns fastened together so tight and in such a manner, that before they could be loosened he was obliged to saw off one of the horns.

Personal.

Mr. Chas. E. Wehler will leave town to-morrow for Myerstown, where he will preach on Sunday morning and evening. From thence he will go to the Theological Seminary at Ursinus College to resume his studies.

Yesterday morning Mr. Wm. H. Weaver removed his family from this place to Johnstown, Pa., where he has secured a situation. We are sorry to see Mr. Weaver leave us, but must bow to the inevitable.

Mr. John Carbaugh, jr., and family of Westminster, have been visiting friends near town.

Miss Mamie McKinney of Hanover, spent a few days with Mrs. H. J. Staub, in this place.

Miss Weigle, of York, is visiting Mrs. Chas. Rebert, of Pitt street.

Mr. P. G. Breighner, of this place, has been appointed an aide-de-camp on the Colonel's staff, Division of Pennsylvania, Sons of Veterans.

A Success.

The rendition of "Macbeth" by the I. C. L. C. last Thursday evening was a decided success, and drew a full house. The play will be reproduced on the 15th inst., in order to give those an opportunity to witness it who were unable to attend on Thursday evening.

Fatal Accident.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Geo. F. Seitz, aged 60 years, of Glen Rock, was suddenly killed at R. T. Tabor's grist mill, at Castle Finn, four miles from Delta, York county. He was caught by a revolving shaft, his skull fractured and both feet torn off.

DAY'S HORSE POWDER

Prevents Lung Fever!

Cures Distemper, Heaves, Glanders, Loss of Appetite, Founder, Fevers, &c. 1 lb. in each package. Sold by all dealers.

DR. BULL'S Cures Dysentery, and Diarrhœa.

Cures Wind Colic, &c. BABY SYRUP

Relieves Griping and Summer Complaint.

Facilitates Teething!

Regulates the Bowels!

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

25 CTS. BOTTLE SALVATION OIL

BULL'S "THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY" For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of Consumptive persons. For Sale by all druggists. 25 cents. COUGH SYRUP

SMOKE LANGE'S QUEEN CIGARETTES for Catarrh. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

Boots and Shoes

At very low prices.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

JOB WORK

of every description

NEAT, QUICK, CHEAP,

At this office.

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The Fire Company will elect officers this evening, and a full attendance of members is requested.

Prof. Jabe H. Miller, of this county, and Miss Mollie Blair, of Shippensburg, were married Wednesday.

Six turkies belonging to Capt. Jas. Hersh, Meadow Valley Farm, near Gettysburg, weighed 210 pounds.

Rev. Charles E. Stock, of Hanover, has been elected Grand Chaplain of the State Grand Lodge of Masons.

Mr. Jameson, formerly from Bendersville but now living at Florida, sent Mr. Jacob Routsong a barrel of oranges on Christmas from that State.

Mr. John Harbold, of Reading twp, has purchased the P. C. Smith property on Hanover street for $1300, and will remove there in the spring.

The York Opera House is for sale for $30,000, which is said to be $10,000 less than it cost.

A valuable horse belonging to Samuel Warner, at Jefferson, York county, was disembowled a few nights ago by jumping upon a post in his stable.

Mr. C. D. Smith, of McSherrystown, one day last week killed a hog that weighed 391 pounds, dressed.

Mrs. Wm. Mummert killed for Miss Sarah Hostetter, of the same place, a beef 11 months old, that dressed—80 pounds.

The Hanover Citizen learns that the Misses Lizzie and Sallie Keller, sisters of the late Jesse Keller, Esq., have purchased Samuel Trone's farm in Penn township, York county.

Mr. Levi Wehler will build a new two-story frame house, on the corner of E. High and Church streets, in the spring.

J. W. Dicks and J. Mowry, Sr., will also build new houses in the spring—the former on Carlisle street and the latter on Philadelphia street.

We hear it stated that New Oxford is now sure of a new depot. The depot will be built on Pitt street, on land recently purchased by the Railroad Company from J. N. Hersh.

That valuable and highly recommended remedy for the disorders of babyhood, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, is absolutely free from all dangerous agents, and can be safely employed at all times. Price 25c.

Nothing removes an incipient cold more quickly and pleasantly than a reliable cathartic medicine, such as that old and tried remedy, Laxador; used by thousands of families throughout the land. Price 25c. a package.

A Fairfield correspondent says: The advent of railroad communication with our town has made business brisk for a beginning, and the outlook is flattering for the future. Rogers & Co. shipped their first car load of wheat from the Elevator last week, and Geo. Wortz the first car load of wood this week.

The masons have completed their work on the Depot building, and it is about ready for the slaters.

The R. R. Company has put down a nice board walk from the Station to the angle in the public road at the residence of Joel B. Musselman, and some of those interested are now making an effort to have the road from that point to town widened to fifty feet.

W. C. Rogers is putting up a large stable on a lot near the station, and contemplates putting up a dwelling house in the spring.

Attention is called to the ad of A. H. Dixson & Son's Catarrh Remedy, on the 8th page of this paper.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixer, for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Mr. Gregory P. Topper, father of Mr. E. G. Topper and Mrs P. G. Breighner, of this place, died at his home in Liberty township, on the 2d inst., of Bright's disease, in the 78th year of his age. His remains were interred at Emmitsburg this morning.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

Pure gold always has its bas imitation. It is so with Salvation Oil, which is worth its weight in gold to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia, or gout. See that you get the genuine. 25 cents.

Judge McClean, the county commissioners, Wm. Ruff and George J. Benner, Esq., were in Harrisburg last Wednesday as the guests of Dauphin county's commissioners. They were there for the purpose of inspecting the system of steam heat in the court house and jail.

A. Schmidt, bottler, of Hanover, wishes the return of all beer bottles now in New Oxford and vicinity, within 30 days. Should they not be returned within that time, parties holding them will be liable to cost of recovery. 1-4 2t.

The barn of Edward Sipe, near Strinestown, York county, was destroyed by fire with its contents, consisting of a two years crop of tobacco, a lot of corn, hay, staw, etc., on Friday morning. One cow perished in the flames.

Vincent Lundberg, of Stockholm, physician-in-chief to the King of Sweeden, recommends Hall's Vegetabl Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp and hair.

FOR SALE.—A first-class new Dayton Wagon, will be sold cheap. Inquire of G. N. WARNER & BRO., New Oxford.

The new Evangelical church at Kingsdale will be dedicated on Sunday.

CLINTON, N. J., Feb. 17, 1887.—While visiting Gettysburg, during the Holidays, I was handed some of your "Black Pills", and found them to be such a grand pill for headache, sour stomach, nervousness and the kidney and liver. I have since used the compound cathartics but they do not seem to have half the effect that your "Black Pills" do. Knowing them to be such a good pill, I would like you to send me six boxes of them at once. Very respectfully, JAS. S. JACOBS.

The Annual Assessment.

The assessed value of the real estate in Adams county this year is $10,847,632. There are returned 7,902 horses and mules, assessed at $355,337; and 9029 cows assessed at $169,289 The judgments, money at interest, &c., returned amounts to $2,206,395; and the occupation assessment reaches $363,860. The number of stages, hacks, etc., in the county amount to 4320· On all but money matters and hacks, stages, etc., there is a tax of three mills and a half, and on the exceptions named the tax is three mills.

New Year's Party.

Quite a number of little folks assembled at the home of Bernadette and Fannie Steffy on New Years night for a round of childish pleasure, and to celebrate the new born year. Among the jolly juveniles were: May Gilbert, Myrna Miller, Etta Smith, Carrie Weeks, Maud Cashman, Laura Sadler, Mary Schnell, Maud Wiand, Lillie LeFevre, H. Cook, John Miller, John Strahan Charlie Cook, Bennie Strahan and Dick Steffy. May their little hearts always be as joyous and happy as on this occasion. OBSERVER.

Sheriff Sales.

Friday, Jan. 25th, Sheriff Taughinbaugh will sell the following real estate at public sale at the Court house, Gettysburg:

Lot of ground and improvements in Berwick borough—property of J. B. Baum and wife.

Lot of ground and improvements in Littlestown—property of the heirs of Adam Black, deceased.

Tract of 10 acres and improvements in Hamilton township—property of Jno. Sprenkle.

A GREAT BATTLE.—Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Puritan cough and Consumption cure. Price 25cts.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

A Big Fire in New Oxford.

The people of New Oxford and vicinity entered upon the year 1889 at an unusually early hour, and equally as much excited in manner. At 3:30 o'clock their sweet slumbers of early morn were suddenly aroused by the quick calls of the fire alarm, when it was discovered that the large hay sheds, in connection with Mr. H. J. Myers' warehouse, were rapidly being consumed by the angry flames. The members of the fire company and other citizens hastily responded to the sound of the alarm and in 15 minutes after the first tap of the alarm the men with the engine were busily at work beating back the flames. It was soon found that the fire had already made too much progress to save the sheds or any of the contents, and that the warehouse and lumber yard were greatly in danger, so the attention of the men was directed to the immediate surroundings. By the faithful and energetic work of the firemen the flames were kept from spreading any further, but the sheds together with about 30 tons of hay, some straw, hay-press, &c., were entirely destroyed. Mr. Myers' loss is estimated at about $800, partially covered by insurance. Origin of fire unknown. The little fire engine, has, in this case, vindicated itself to be of inestimable value to the town, for without it the saving of the warehouse and lumber yard would have been impossible, and had the flames reached those points, the loss and suffering would have been the heaviest and severest ever sustained by the citizens of New Oxford. It was noticed that our firemen suffered considerably, and labored under a great disadvantage for want of proper equipments. This could and should be remedied by the proper authorities.

Officers Elected.

Theodore Pfeiffer Camp 60 S. V., will install the following officers on next Tuesday evening:

Captain—G. H. Roth.
1st Lieut.—F. C. McCadden.
2d Lieut.—J. W. Diehl.
Camp Council—A. E. Buckminster, L. J. Staub and J. W. Diehl.
Delegate to State Convention—A. E. Buckminster; alternate F. C. McCadden.

Accidents.

Miss Lillie Rupp, of Gettysburg, broke one of the small bones of her right ankle, last Wednesday evening, whilst practicing on roller skates at the Rink.

On Friday afternoon whilst several employees were on the roof of the recently burned W. M. R. R. Engine House, making repairs, the roof fell in. George Bowers fell into the pit, breaking his arm and receiving painful injuries about the shoulders.—Star.

Surgical Operation.

The Herald says: Our well-known townsman, Mr. Wm. Grumbine, of the firm of Grumbine, Brockley & Co., has been suffering for some time from serious illness. Finally the attending physician Dr. A. C. Wentz, thought it best to summon a specialist, and called the celebrated Dr. Wm. Pepper, of Philadelphia, who arrived on Wednesday morning. Mr. Grumbine was suffering from strangulated umbilical hernia, and a surgical operation was found necessary. Dr. J. W. White, of Philadelphia, was summoned by telegraph, and this noted surgeon arrived the same evening. He at once performed the operation, and reduced the hernia.. Mr. Grumbine is doing as well as could be expected, and his recovery is anticipated, although without the operation he would not possibly have survived longer than a few days.

Since the above was in type, we have learned of Mr. Grumbine's death.

IF SUFFERING FROM CONSUMPTION, coughs and colds try Puritan cough and consumption cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit the medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 cents.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering, result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Burglary.

The residence of Mr. A. Smith, on Chestnut street, was entered by a burglar, Thursday night, who carried away Mr. Smith's pocket book containing $35 and some promissory notes. One of the sons coming home about 11 p. m found the outer doors unlocked. The family on retiring about 9 o'clock, had locked them, so the burglary must have been committed between these hours, although it was not discovered until next morning.—Herald.

The P. O. S. of A.'s Day.

The P. O. S. of A. parade announced in last week's issue, was a grand success. Soon after 12 o'clock on Tuesday noon, people from the vicinity of New Oxford and neighboring towns, began to come to town from all directions. When the noon train rolled into town, and brought with it, 65 delegates from the Hanover Camp, accompanied by the Hanover Silver Cornet Band, the town was enlivened by choice music, which gave an entire different aspect to the regular routine of our quiet little hamlet. While the members of the home Camp and those of Hanover Camp were waiting for other visiting camps to arrive, the Hanover band discoursed some excellent music, during the course of which the ITEM was by no means forgotten, on the contrary, we were remembered by a special serenade, for which we bow in thankful obeisance to the gentlemen concerned. Promptly at 2 o'clock the line of procession was formed in the following order: Chief marshals, Coleman and Marsh, followed by the Hanover band and camp delegates of 64 footmen; assistant marshals Hollinger and Haffer, followed by the Abbottstown fife and drum corps and 40 footmen from the Abbottstown and East Berlin camps; third assistant marshal Diehl, followed by Five Points Band and 30 members of New Oxford camp and commandry of 20 members. After the procession had paraded the principle streets of the town, they broke ranks in front of Eagle Hotel where an appropriate address was delivered by district president, D. J. A. Melhorn. At the close of his remarks the crowd began to call loud and long for a speech from Sowers of Hanover camp. Mr. S. briefly and ably responded to the call. After the speaking was over, a sumptuous turkey supper was served in the spacious rooms of the Eagle Hotel, where the appetites of about 200 guests were amply satisfied.

Deaths During 1888.

There were ten deaths in New Oxford Borough during 1888, as follows:

Feb. 5th, Mrs. Emma Lough.
March 12th, Michael McCadden.
March 24, Miss Lizzie McCadden.
March 24, Lotta M. Wehler.
April 21, David Sherman.
May 10, Dennis Staub.
June 8, Mrs. Susan Felix.
June 30, LeRoy M. Sellers.
July 17, Mrs. Mary Schriver.
Nov. 9, Daniel Hershey.

A Prolific Cow.

On Thuusday last a cow belonging to Mr. John Deardorff, of Carlisle street, gave birth to twin calves; the one, a perfectly formed and well developed calf, and the other, a sort of a monstrosity with two heads, having two mouths, four eyes and four ears. Otherwise the calf was naturally formed, with the exception of the one hind foot, where it had a double claw. The perfect calf is still alive, the other was lifeless when delivered.

Public Sales.

Bills for the following sales have been or will be printed at this office:

Jan. 19, Jas. Hockensmith, Adm'r, real estate of Anthony Small, dec'd, near Sugartown, Mt. Pleasant twp.

Feb. 28, Joseph Orndorff, Straban twp., ½ mile from Gettysburg, farm stock and implements.

March 5, Wm. D. Myers, Agt., Hamilton twp., farm stock and implements.

March 8, '89, L. A. Kohler, Mt. Pleasant township, live stock. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

March 9, Charles Strasbaugh, Mt. Pleasant township, stock, etc. Geo. Colestock, Auc.

March 11, Chas. A. Diehl, Oxford township, farm stock and implements.

March 18, Daniel Minter, Mountpleasant twp., farm stock, etc.

March 12th, Amos Lough, Butler twp., farming implements, etc. Colestock, Auct.

March 13th, John Mowry, on farm in Hamilton twp., stock, farm implements, etc.

March 16th, C. D. Taughinbaugh, near New Chester, farm stock and implements.

March 21, John Harbold, horses, cows, etc., ½ mile from New Chester, Reading township.

"High Flyers."

We are reliably informed, says the Compiler, that Mr. John March, of Butler township, has a lot of ducks that roost with the chickens on the fences and trees, and are quite at home in this singular habit.

Samuel Walter, of Fairfield, on going to his barn one morning last week found two of his cows' horns fastened together so tight and in such a manner, that before they could be loosened he was obliged to saw off one of the horns.

Personal.

Mr. Chas. E. Wehler will leave town to-morrow for Myerstown, where he will preach on Sunday morning and evening. From thence he will go to the Theological Seminary at Ursinus College to resume his studies.

Yesterday morning Mr. Wm. H. Weaver removed his family from this place to Johnstown, Pa., where he has secured a situation. We are sorry to see Mr. Weaver leave us, but must bow to the inevitable.

Mr. John Carbaugh, jr., and family of Westminster, have been visiting friends near town.

Miss Mamie McKinney of Hanover, spent a few days with Mrs. H. J. Staub, in this place.

Miss Weigle, of York, is visiting Mrs. Chas. Rebert, of Pitt street.

Mr. P. G. Breighner, of this place, has been appointed an aide-de-camp on the Colonel's staff, Division of Pennsylvania, Sons of Veterans.

A Success.

The rendition of "Macbeth" by the I. C. L. C. last Thursday evening was a decided success, and drew a full house. The play will be reproduced on the 15th inst., in order to give those an opportunity to witness it who were unable to attend on Thursday evening.

Fatal Accident.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Geo. F. Seitz, aged 60 years, of Glen Rock, was suddenly killed at R. T. Tabor's grist mill, at Castle Finn, four miles from Delta, York county. He was caught by a revolving shaft, his skull fractured and both feet torn off.

DAY'S HORSE POWDER

Prevents Lung Fever!

Cures Distemper, Heaves, Glanders, Loss of Appetite, Founder, Fevers, &c. 1 lb. in each package. Sold by all dealers.

DR. BULL'S Cures Dysentery, and Diarrhœa.

Cures Wind Colic, &c. BABY SYRUP

Relieves Griping and Summer Complaint.

Facilitates Teething!

Regulates the Bowels!

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

25 CTS A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL KILLS PAIN

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP "THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY" For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, Asthma, Incipient Consumption Hoarseness Croup, Whooping Cough, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. For Sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

SMOKE LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh! Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

Boots and Shoes

At very low prices.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

JOB WORK

of every description

NEAT, QUICK, CHEAP,

At this office.

The European Powers have come to an agreement to exterminate the African slave-trade.

In the not very remote future all vexatious Indian questions may disappear for lack of Indians.

Mr. Goschen, English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has decided to abandon the proposed wheat tax.

An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Paris Exhibition. The rails will be sunk so that the platforms will be on a level with the surface, and the train will run slowly enough to permit most people to step on and off while it is in motion, but for the accommodation of elderly people, a stop of fifteen seconds every minute will be made. The motive power will be electricity.

Attorney General Tabor, of New York, has just given an opinion holding that a voter is not required to vote the entire ticket at one time, but may vote for different candidates at different times on the same day For example, a man may go to the polls in the morning and cast his ballot for Presidential electors, go back afterward and vote for Mayor, return again and vote for Assemblyman, and so on. In other words every person may vote early and vote often.

Alexander Campbell, founder of the religious sect known as Christians or Disciples of Christ, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788. The disciples to-day stand fifth in numerical strength among the religious bodies in the United States. They have about 6500 churches and not less than 700,000 members. Their annual increase is about 50,000. They have five universities and nineteen colleges, beside other schools and seminaries.

The Official report of 4277 cases and 564 deaths from yellow fever in Jacksonville, Fla., says the Atlanta *Constitution*, is a gratifying testimonial of the efficiency of the treatment. This eight and a half per cent mortality, when compared with the death rate in former epidemics, shows that although we have not been able to prevent the appearance of yellow fever, we are learning how to treat it successfully. The pestilence is losing many of its former terrors.

One of the most wonderful of the exhibits at the Indianapolis (Minn.) Exposition this year is that of carved wood and the process of wood carving, made by the nine daughters of Peter Wimner, of Wayzata, Lake Minnetonka. They have a space of twenty-six feet square, in which has been erected a house of carved woods, 12x16 feet in size, in which three of the young ladies are engaged in carving various objects in solid wood. The remainder of the space is a yard, filled and ornamented with carved deer heads and other designs.

In the blizzard of last March a good sized limb was broken from a large elm tree in front of the residence of Dr. Wile, of Danbury, Conn. The limb was not severed entirely by the trunk, but hung head down, supported by the bark on the under side. When the sap ascended in the spring this limb received none and hung leafless all summer. Now the tree has shed its leaves, and the sap, descending, has entered the limb and it is covered with the soft, light green foliage of June. The rest of the tree is bare. That branch was bound to have its summer if it took all winter.

There is a queer thing about civil service examination. The Virginia women average about fifteen per cent. higher than the women of any State in the Union. They are far in advance of the Massachusetts women. Commissioner Layman says he can partly account for it by the fact that the Virginia women who apply for government places belong to classes that in other States are sufficiently prosperous not to seek such employment; but this hardly meets the case, as three-fourths of the women in the departments to-day are in good social standing. Many of them are widows and daughters of officers.

Canary birds have had their annual show in Paris just like the horses and dogs. The birds were exhibited in most luxuriant cages, varying in value from sixty cents to $100. The society raises over 4000 every year at Puteaux, near Paris. The seed culture for these parlor nightingales occupies one entire village. Over $2000 worth of chickweed is sold in Paris each day, for every apartment house boasts one or more cages for its several inhabitants. When the war was over there were no more canary birds there. They were dead. Many had been eaten. But since 1871 this peculiar branch of industry has grown and thrived.

SEED.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

—*The Churchman.*

CHIP'S CURE.

Every now and then a horseman, broad hatted and be-weaponed, with jangling Mexican spurs and leather "chap" leggings, dismounted, tied his "cayuse" pony to the gnawed rack, and joined the group of cowboys lounging in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. With each comer the first question was:

"How's Chip?"

"No better," Old Man Ashburn replied each time.

"Looks to me like that thar was a mighty heavy load to put onto a child like Chip," said Santa Fe, the cowboy with the gaudy Mexican sash about his waist. "A load uv pain an' misery big enough to break a man down, an' she nuth'n' but a child!"

"Yer right, only she h'ain't a child," replied red-cheeked Posy; "she's—— How old, Ashburn?"

"Seventeen," Ashburn answered.

"Hanged if I knowed," said Santa Fe. "Reckon yer right; but I got so ust to seein' her amongst us, a-ridin' the cayuses an' dancin' an' laughin' an' singin' like a happy child, that I'd plumb forgot she'd growed up."

"Me, too," said Reddy Rose.

"I'm mighty afeared she'll never ride nur run no more," said Old Man Ashburn. "Ever sence she was a-throwed she's be'n a-gittin' slowly but shorely worse an' worse, an'——"

"Wal," interrupted Santa Fe, with grim earnestness, "I h'ain't never be'n sorry fer the way we run out o' the Range the cuss that roped the cayuse an' got her throwed."

"Nur me!" cried a cowboy chorus.

At the sound of a faint call, Old Man Ashburn hastened within the building. Presently he appeared, dragging carefully behind him a splint bottomed rocking-chair, in which reclined the wasted form of little Chip, Ashburn's crippled daughter.

At sight of her, the impulsive cowboys waved their broad hats and went through the motions of shouting lustily. But very little sound came from their distended mouths.

"Hello, boys!" the little cripple saluted, weakly. "I jest couldn't stay in there any-longer when I heard you all talking. Pa didn't want me to come, but I told him——"

"She 'lowed," interrupted Ashburn, "that she'd come out yere if she'd to crawl on her hands an' knees; an' I reckon she'd——"

"You bet she'd a-done it!" broke in Santa Fe.

"That's what she'd a-done," agreed Reddy Rose.

"How nice the sunshine seems!" said the little cripple. "I've been a-thinkin' often that meoby I'd never git out into it ag'in to run an' ride as I ust to. Some way——"

"Sant," whispered Posy, "hanged if I h'ain't sorry we stopped at runnin' out the cuss that got her throwed."

"Me, too!" returned Santa Fe. "Ort to a killed him then an' thar!"

"That's what we ort!" agreed Reddy Rose.

Even the slight exertion attendant upon the short trip from the little bedroom to the door seemed almost too much for Chip's enfeebled frame. Her face grew paler, and she leaned wearily back in the old rocking-chair.

"Mebby I'll never see you again, boys," she piped. I——"

"Old Man, interruped Posy, "you better take her back now."

"But I don't want to go," the girl protested. "I want to stay and see the boys, an'——"

As easily as if she had been of but a feather's weight, Posy took her in his strong arms and carried her back into her little bedroom carefully and very tenderly. His brown cheek was close to her pale one.

"An' who, Chip?" he whispered.

"An' you, Posy," she answered, softly.

"Boys," Old Man Ashburn was saying as Posy rejoined the group about the door, "things look mighty black. She's a-sufferin' an' a sufferin' an'——"

Posy rushed to his cayuse, flung himself into the saddle, and dashed away across the prairie, followed by his comrades.

"I couldn't stand it," he told them, as the ponies bounded away to the eastward. "I jest couldn't stand to hear that pore ole cuss a-tellin' of little Chip a-gettin' nearder an' nearder death, an' he, her dad, not able to help her!"

"Say," said Sante Fe, suddenly, "we ort——"

"You bet!" interruped Posy. "We ort, an' we will do——"

"Thar comes Hank!" broke in Reddy Rose, as the little mules and faded buckboard that comprised the turnout of Hank Bitters, the mail-carrier, emerged from the distant timber.

"Hank's got a passenger."

Obedient to the touch of the huge Mexican spurs, the cayuses bounded toward the approaching vehicle at the cowboys' favorite gait, a keen run.

Hank Bitters's passenger, an old gentleman with a phenomenally bald head and a general appearance of almost owlish wisdom, had been growing more and more uncomfortable, ever since entering the cattle country. The conversation of the stage driver, and later, of Hank Bitters, had not served to allay any of his apprehension.

"W'y," said Hank, with great gravity, "some uv these yere cowboys is pizon—plumb pizon! An' *reckless*! Wal, reckless h'ain't no name for it! They're *bad!*"

His auditor shivered.

"Kill a man! Jest as quick as to eat! I've knowed——"

He paused and gazed thoughtfully at the tall hat of his companion.

"I've knowed 'em to shoot a States man jest fer wearin' a plug hat!"

"My stars!" shivered the passenger.

"Knowed wuss'n that. W'y, out on the Soap River range——"

And Hank Bitters luridly pictured the depravity of the cowboys of the Soap River region.

"But surely they would not harm me," quavered the passenger, "if they were apprised of my identity?"

"Which?"

"If they knew who I was."

"Mebby they'd let you off easy," consoled Hank.

"And when we come in contact with them, you will do your best to soothe them?"

"I'll do what I kin," returned Hank. "But it's mighty finnicky business."

And so he worked upon the fears of his passenger till the old gentleman gazed apprehensively about, as if he expected to see a dozen fierce cowboys leap from behind every bush, to make of his person an impromptu revolver-target. He was nearly ready to cry out with alarm when, as they emerged from the timber, he beheld Santa Fe and his comrades careering towards them. The yells of recognition with which they greeted Hank, while still rods away, sent a great thrill of terror through the old gentleman.

"Tell them who I am!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Tell them I am a man of peace bound on an errand of mercy!"

"I'll do the best I kin," returned Hank, with an inward convulsion. "But it's mighty risky business! They're pizon, plumb pizon!"

As the cowboys circled about the buckboard the passenger almost gave up hope.

"Tell them!" he whispered to Hank.

That worthy, with a tremendous wink at Santa Fe, called out:

"Don't be brash, boys! This yere gent's on his way to visit a ole-time friend down on the Cimarron, what's got a crippled boy. As a favor to me don't hurt him. Name's Doc Bristow, M. D., uv—"

"What?" cried Posy. "A doctor? Got yer tools an' medicine along, Doc?"

"Yes, sir," quavered the physician.

"Got them along?" cried Posy. "Then yer jest——"

"Hold on!" broke in Santa Fe, catching Posy's idea. "We don't want no botch doctor. Doc, air you up to yer game?"

"I hardly——"

"I mean, do you know yer biz? Do you size up with the balance uv the doctors?"

Dr. Bristow's professional pride, up in arms in an instant, overcame his fears.

"Know my business, sir! Up with other physicians, sir? Why, sir, I can say without a particle of boasting that I stand head and shoulders above my professional rivals—head and shoulders, sir! I am the author of——"

He named a work with a sonorous and complicated medical title, that conveyed little or no meaning to his hearers.

"I performed, sir, one of the most remarkable cures of the present century by restoring Senator Heywood to vigorous health."

"B'lieve I heared about that," said Santa Fe. "'Lowed he'd die, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred thus attacked succumb. Therefore I am justly accorded great credit for my almost miraculous cure. I——"

"Boys," said Posy, "we want him!"

"That's what we do," agreed Reddy Rose.

As the cowboys reached this decision the party was within a hundred yards of Ashburn's post office.

"Doc," said Posy, "you'll have to stop yere a while."

The physician's air of gratified professional pride was instantly superseded by fear.

"Oh, gentlemen, spare me!" he quavered. "I will not wear it again if you object to its appearance!"

"'Pearance uv what?" asked Santa Fe.

"My hat—'plug,' I think you call it!"

Hank Bitters threatened to explode with delight, but the cowboys never even smiled.

The physician was so loath to leave the vehicle that he had to be dragged out by force.

"Take it easy, Doc," soothed Posy. "We don't mean no harm!"

Dr. Bristow, little reassured, mentally anathematized the day he left his city home to throw himself into the clutches of these white savages.

"Doc," began Posy, "kin you cure a girl what's mighty nigh dead frum bein' throwed from a cayuse?"

Dr. Bristow's professional instinct got the better of a portion of his fears.

"I think I can safely say I can, sir, if a cure is possible," he said.

Posy led the way to Chip's bedside.

"Chip, this yere is Doc Bristow. Doc, this yere is Ole Man Ashburn, Chip's dad. Come, ole man!"

Ashburn followed him out of doors, and Dr. Bristow was alone with his patient.

The cowboys were very grave when the physician reappeared.

"Gentlemen——" he began.

"Means you an' Sant, I reckon, Posy," said Reddy Rose.

"What'll it be with little Chip, Doc?" asked Posy.

"Although her case is extremely precarious," replied the physician, deliberately, "with proper nursing and the care of a skilled physician, she can be restored to health. A delicate and dangerous operation is necessary. If she survives that and is attended by——"

"She will be! The big doctor'll be thar," said Posy.

"Who might he be, if I may ask?" questioned the physician.

"Doc Bristow," answered Posy.

"But I cannot remain. My engagement——"

"Blank engagement! In that thar room lies Chip—little Chip that——"

"That we all love, every last one uv us," broke in Santa Fe."

"You bet!" cried Reddy Rose.

"But——"

"An'," interrupted Posy, "the cuss that got her hurt was run off the Range, but the cuss that kin cure her, but won't, will never leave the Range a-runnin' nur no way."

"That's what he won't!" agreed Reddy Rose.

Dr. Brimstow seemed to fully realize what Posy's words implied.

Next day, long before the hour for performing the operation that was to end or save Chip's life, the cowboys had congregated in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. Posy was not with them.

"Posy," little Chip was saying, as she feebly stroked the rough head bent above her, "if I—if I don't git out again, give each of the boys one of these."

Then she weakly drew from beneath her pillow as many locks of hair, tied with little pieces of ribbon, as there were cowboys in the group outside. There was one for Posy, also, he noticed through the mist of tears that dimmed his eyes.

Little Chip softly stroked Posy's rough head, as he bent still lower till his lips touched hers, and a hot tear fell on each cheek. Then, far braver than he, she turned her face away.

"Good-by, Posy," she said.

"Good-by, Chip."

He staggered out of the room, and dashing the tears from his eyes, he grasped the doctor's arm with a force that made him wince, and whispered hoarsely:

"Go in, now, an'—an' if her good-by was the last one, God forgive ye! This yere iron"—half drawing his revolver—"never misses fire, an'—Wal, you'll never go offen the Range!"

Dr. Bristow had made no idle boast when he spoke of his professional skill, and all of that skill was called into action to preserve unsnapped the chord that bound poor little suffering Chip to life. When the operation was over and the crisis past, the great physician tottered through the door and fell fainting into Posy's arms.

"She is safe!" he gasped, as he opened his eyes.

As if moved by a common impulse, the cowboys mounted their cayuses and galloped off across the prairie at whirlwind speed. Two miles away they halted, and gave vent to their rejoicing in yells both loud and long.

A month latter, when little Chip was able to hop about quite smartly on her crutches, Dr. Bristow asked of Posy, of whom he seemed to stand in dreadful fear, if he might leave for his Eastern home on the following day.

"But, Doc, I thought you was keen to go out on the Cimarron?"

Nothing was further from Dr. Bristow's desire. He told himself that if he could but return home, it would take a most powerful attraction indeed to draw him away from it.

Santa Fe and Old Man Ashburn held several mysterious conferences, in which Posy was not invited to take part. The result was apparent next day. Instead of the faded buckboard. Hank Bitters arrived in a long spring wagon, which, as Reddy Rose said, was simply "gorgis" with red paint of the reddest red: and Hank himself was gotten up for the great occasion "regardless," in an uncomfortable suit of new store clothes, topped off by a collar that persisted in riding his red neck most outrageously. A clerical looking personage who accompanied him was saluted by the cowboys with shouts of "Preacher Blue!"

The cowboys were all in holiday attire, and even Old Man Ashburn was quite "smartly" arrayed. Posy stared in wonder at the group, but from the way little Chip smiled and blushed, it was evidently not at all a mystery to her.

"Posy," began Santa Fe, awkwardly, "I want to say fer me an' the boys an' Ole Man, yere, that we 'low we know how you an' Chip feel towards each other, an'—an'——"

"We reckon you both show mighty good taste," broke in Reddy Rose.

"Knowin' this," went on Santa Fe, we—that is—you—wal—you're goin' to git married yere an' now, an'—an' yere's yer weddin' present from me an' the boys! Soon's it's over you're goin' to start on a weddin' tower. We 'low Chip needs travel;" and Santa Fe thrust a roll of bills into the hands of the astonished Posy.

The latter presently essayed to express all his thanks, but the cowboys, seeing his embarrassment, drowned his words by wild yells.

After Posy and Chip had been made one, Dr. Bristow was the first to be equal to the occasion. He first proposed and carried out the kissing of the bride. The cowboys followed suit, and Posy, still half-dazed, was nearly knocked off his feet by a rush of comrades to claim tribute from the tempting mouth of the new made bride.

When the very red spring wagon departed, its occupants were Posy, Chip, Dr. Bristow, beside Hank Bitters, the truthful. Just before they entered the timber, they waved an adieu to the cowbops congregated before Ashburn's post-office.

Santa Fe unwound his gaudy Mexican scarf and waved it in response, and the other cowboys industriously swung their hats and yelled till the red wagon and its occupants had passed from sight.—*Frank Leslie's.*

There are in New Jersey 203 Baptist churches, valued at $2,600,000.

Sixty thousand barrels of sour krout are made in Reading, Penn., every year.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Fire Kindlers.

Take a quart of tar and three pounds of resin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much coarse sawdust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cool, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.—*Housewife.*

A Noted Chef's Coffee Recipe.

A noted French chef makes coffee by pouring boiling water on the ground berries; after filtering, the water is again boiled and again poured on the coffee, and finally a third time. He does not boil the coffee and water together, nor put the coffee in cold water and let it come to a boil. To make good tea, he says, you must pour boiling water on it and throw it out immediately. Then pour one-third of the boiling water required, put the pot over a steaming apparatus and then add another third, and finally the last third, repeating the steaming, in order to let it draw without boiling.

Receipt for Corned Beef.

First cover the meat with brine just strong enough to barely float an egg, for twenty-four hours, take it out and wash it in cold water to take out all the blood, throw the bloody brine away, and for 100 pounds of beef, or in the same proportion for other quantities, make a new pickle by dissolving six pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre in water sufficient to cover the meat, skim it well before pouring it on, and if much scum rises on it afterwards before the meat is used up, scald it, skim it and pour it back when cold. Keep in a cool and well ventilated place. For summer keeping or for the Southern States a little more salt should be used.

How to Carve.

Poultry requires more careful carving than anything else brought to the table. A chicken roasted may be removed from the dish to the carver's plate; and as fowls are generally served in couples, this does not disarrange the economy of the table. The fork should be placed on the centre of the breast, and the knife be carried down along the side. Then, inserting the knife under the leg, cut downwards as far as the tail, and separating the ligature near the point, when, jerking the leg back, the parts will give way. Next separate the wing with the edge of the knife, and carry it through to the other side, when the wing is easily detached. Separate the other wing and leg in the same way. The wishbone is easily removed by inserting the knife under it and bending it back. Remove the neck bones by putting the fork through them and wrenching them carefully away so as not to break them. The breast must next be separated by cutting through the ribs. Turn the fowl back upwards on the plate and cut it up.

Turkey may be served the same way as chicken, excepting that as the breast is the most delicate part and affords many good slices, these should be cut lengthwise, and with thin portions of the dressing handed round first. When the turkey is large the whole of the breast may be served in such slices.

When carving a duck the slices from the breast are cut, then the leg is removed by cutting, then the wing. Ducklings are carved in the same way as pigeons.

Pigeons are usually carved in four pieces, dividing each piece in half. Many persons cut them through the middle lengthwise and serve half the bird to each person.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recipes.

Corn Bread: One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt.

Raisin Pudding: One-half cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Steam one hour.

Cookies: Two cups sugar, half a cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven.

Wheat Gems: Two cups and a half of sifted flour, one cup and a fourth of milk, three eggs, sugar to sweeten, one tablespoon melted butter, two teaspoons baking powder; bake in gem pans.

Cocoanut Pie: One cup of white sugar, two eggs, one cocoanut grated fine, two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter; flavor with nutmeg. Bake with one crust.

Rye Fritters: One and one-half cups flour, one egg, one half cup rye meal, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, two teaspoons cream tartar; mix with milk and drop from a spoon into hot lard.

Cream Pie: One pint of sweet milk, white of one egg and yolks of three; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of cornstarch; beat all together; let it cool and flavor. Make a rich crust and bake separate and fill; beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, spread over the top and set in the oven to brown.

A subscription paper for some religious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked: "Well, I can give $5 and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give $10 and feel it." The point was seen at once, and the "ten spot" was forthcoming.—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

"Are you the brakeman," asked an old lady of a seedy-looking individual on a train. "No'm, I'm the broke-man," he answered sadly.—*New York Sun.*

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The European Powers have come to an agreement to exterminate the African slave-trade.

In the not very remote future all vexatious Indian questions may disappear for lack of Indians.

Mr. Goschen, English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has decided to abandon the proposed wheat tax.

An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Paris Exhibition. The rails will be sunk so that the platforms will be on a level with the surface, and the train will run slowly enough to permit most people to step on and off while it is in motion, but for the accommodation of elderly people, a stop of fifteen seconds every minute will be made. The motive power will be electricity.

Attorney General Tabor, of New York, has just given an opinion holding that a voter is not required to vote the entire ticket at one time, but may vote for different candidates at different times on the same day For example, a man may go to the polls in the morning and cast his ballot for Presidential electors, go back afterward and vote for Mayor, return again and vote for Assemblyman, and so on. In other words every person may vote early and vote often.

Alexander Campbell, founder of the religious sect known as Christians or Disciples of Christ, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788. The disciples to-day stand fifth in numerical strength among the religious bodies in the United States. They have about 6500 churches and not less than 700,000 members. Their annual increase is about 50,000. They have five universities and nineteen colleges, beside other schools and seminaries.

The Official report of 4277 cases and 364 deaths from yellow fever in Jacksonville, Fla., says the Atlanta *Constitution*, is a gratifying testimonial of the efficiency of the treatment. This eight and a half per cent mortality, when compared with the death rate in former epidemics, shows that although we have not been able to prevent the appearance of yellow fever, we are learning how to treat it successfully. The pestilence is losing many of its former terrors.

One of the most wonderful of the exhibits at the Indianapolis (Minn.) Exposition this year is that of carved wood and the process of wood carving, made by the nine daughters of Peter Wimner, of Wayzata, Lake Minnetonka. They have a space of twenty-six feet square, in which has been erected a house of carved woods, 12x16 feet in size, in which three of the young ladies are engaged in carving various objects in solid wood. The remainder of the space is a yard, filled and ornamented with carved deer heads and other designs.

In the blizzard of last March a good sized limb was broken from a large elm tree in front of the residence of Dr. Wile, of Danbury, Conn. The limb was not severed entirely by the trunk, but hung head down, supported by the bark on the under side. When the sap ascended in the spring this limb received none and hung leafless all summer. Now the tree has shed its leaves, and the sap, descending, has entered the limb and it is covered with the soft, light green foliage of June. The rest of the tree is bare. That branch was bound to have its summer if it took all winter.

There is a queer thing about civil service examination. The Virginia women average about fifteen per cent. higher than the women of any State in the Union. They are far in advance of the Massachusetts women. Commissioner Layman says he can partly account for it by the fact that the Virginia women who apply for government places belong to classes that in other States are sufficiently prosperous not to seek such employment; but this hardly meets the case, as three-fourths of the women in the departments to-day are in good social standing. Many of them are widows and daughters of officers.

Canary birds have had their annual show in Paris just like the horses and dogs. The birds were exhibited in most luxuriant cages, varying in value from sixty cents to $100. The society raises over 4000 every year at Puteaux, near Paris. The seed culture for these parlor nightingales occupies one entire village. Over $2000 worth of chickweed is sold in Paris each day, for every apartment house boasts one or more cages for its several inhabitants. When the war was over there were no more canary birds there. They were dead. Many had been eaten. But since 1871 this peculiar branch of industry has grown and thrived.

SEED.

"A wonderful thing is a seed -
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forver old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

—*The Churchman.*

CHIP'S CURE.

Every now and then a horseman, broad hatted and be-weaponed, with jangling Mexican spurs and leather "chap" leggings, dismounted, tied his "cayuse" pony to the gnawed rack, and joined the group of cowboys lounging in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. With each comer the first question was:

"How's Chip?"

"No better," Old Man Ashburn replied each time.

"Looks to me like that thar was a mighty heavy load to put onto a child like Chip," said Santa Fe, the cowboy with the gaudy Mexican sash about his waist. "A load uv pain an' misery big enough to break a man down, an' she nuth'n' but a child!"

"Yer right, only she h'ain't a child," replied red-cheeked Posy; "she's—— How old, Ashburn?"

"Seventeen," Ashburn answered.

"Hanged if I knowed," said Santa Fe. "Reckon yer right; but I got so ust to seein' her amongst us, a-ridin' the cayuses an' dancin' an' laughin' an' singin' like a happy child, that I'd plumb forgot she'd growed up."

"Me, too," said Reddy Rose.

"I'm mighty afeared she'll never ride nur run no more," said Old Man Ashburn. "Ever sence she was a-throwed she's be'n a-gittin' slowly but shorely worse an' worse, an'——"

"Wal," interrupted Santa Fe, with grim earnestness, "I h'ain't never be'n sorry fer the way we run out o' the Range the cuss that roped the cayuse an' got her throwed."

"Nur me!" cried a cowboy chorus.

At the sound of a faint call, Old Man Ashburn hastened within the building. Presently he appeared, dragging carefully behind him a splint bottomed rocking-chair, in which reclined the wasted form of little Chip, Ashburn's crippled daughter.

At sight of her, the impulsive cowboys waved their broad hats and went through the motions of shouting lustily. But very little sound came from their distended mouths.

"Hello, boys!" the little cripple saluted, weakly. "I jest couldn't stay in there any longer when I heard you all talking. Pa didn't want me to come, but I told him——"

"She 'lowed," interrupted Ashburn, "that she'd come out yere if she'd to crawl on her hands an' knees; an' I reckon she'd——"

"You bet she'd a-done it!" broke in Santa Fe.

"That's what she'd a-done," agreed Reddy Rose.

"How nice the sunshine seems!" said the little cripple. "I've been a-thinkin' often that meoby I'd never git out into it ag'in to run an' ride as I ust to. Some way——"

"Sant," whispered Posy, "hanged if I h'ain't sorry we stopped at runnin' out the cuss that got her throwed."

"Me, too!" returned Santa Fe. "Ort to a killed him then an' thar!"

"That's what we ort!" agreed Reddy Rose.

Even the slight exertion attendant upon the short trip from the little bedroom to the door seemed almost too much for Chip's enfeebled frame. Her face grew paler, and she leaned wearily back in the old rocking-chair.

"Mebby I'll never see you again, boys," she piped. I——"

"Old Man, interruped Posy, "you better take her back now."

"But I don't want to go," the girl protested. "I want to stay and see the boys, an'——"

As easily as if she had been of but a feather's weight, Posy took her in his strong arms and carried her back into her little bedroom carefully and very tenderly. His brown cheek was close to her pale one.

"An' who, Chip?" he whispered.

"An' you, Posy," she answered, softly.

"Boys," Old Man Ashburn was saying as Posy rejoined the group about the door, "things look mighty black. She's a-sufferin' an' a sufferin' an'——"

Posy rushed to his cayuse, flung himself into the saddle, and dashed away across the prairie, followed by his comrades.

"I couldn't stand it," he told them, as the ponies bounded away to the eastward. "I jest couldn't stand to hear that pore ole cuss a-tellin' of little Chip a-gettin' nearder an' nearder death, an' he, her dad, not able to help her!"

"Say," said Sante Fe, suddenly, "we ort——"

"You bet!" interruped Posy. "We ort, an' we will do——"

"Thar comes Hank!" broke in Reddy Rose, as the little mules and faded buckboard that comprised the turnout of Hank Bitters, the mail-carrier, emerged from the distant timber.

"Hank's got a passenger."

Obedient to the touch of the huge Mexican spurs, the cayuses bounded toward the approaching vehicle at the cowboys' favorite gait, a keen run.

Hank Bitters's passenger, an old gentleman with a phenomenally bald head and a general appearance of almost owlish wisdom, had been growing more and more uncomfortable, ever since entering the cattle country. The conversation of the stage driver, and later, of Hank Bitters, had not served to allay any of his apprehension.

"W'y," said Hank, with great gravity, "some uv these yere cowboys is pizon-plumb pizon! An' *reckless*! Wal, reckless h'ain't no name for it! They're *bad*!"

His auditor shivered.

"Kill a man! Jest as quick as to eat! I've knowed——"

He paused and gazed thoughtfully at the tall hat of his companion.

"I've knowed 'em to shoot a States man jest fer wearin' a plug hat!"

"My stars!" shivered the passenger.

"Knowed wuss'n that. W'y, out on the Soap River Range——"

And Hank Bitters luridly pictured the depravity of the cowboys of the Soap River region.

"But surely they would not harm me," quavered the passenger, "if they were apprised of my identity!"

"Which?"

"If they knew who I was."

"Mebby they'd let you off easy," consoled Hank.

"And when we come in contact with them, you will do your best to soothe them?"

"I'll do what I kin," returned Hank. "But it's mighty finnicky business."

And so he worked upon the fears of his passenger till the old gentleman gazed apprehensively about, as if he expected to see a dozen fierce cowboys leap from behind every bush, to make of his person an impromptu revolver-target. He was nearly ready to cry out with alarm when, as they emerged from the timber, he beheld Santa Fe and his comrades careering towards them. The yells of recognition with which they greeted Hank, while still rods away, sent a great thrill of terror through the old gentleman.

"Tell them who I am!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Tell them I am a man of peace bound on an errand of mercy!"

"I'll do the best I kin," returned Hank, with an inward convulsion. "But it's mighty risky business! They're pizon, plumb pizon!"

As the cowboys circled about the buckboard the passenger almost gave up hope.

"Tell them!" he whispered to Hank.

That worthy, with a tremendous wink at Santa Fe, called out:

"Don't be brash, boys! This yere gent's on his way to visit a ole-time friend down on the Cimarron, what's got a crippled boy. As a favor to me don't hurt him. Name's Doc Bristow, M. D., uv—"

"What?" cried Posy. "A doctor? Got yer tools an' medicine along, Doc?"

"Yes, sir," quavered the physician.

"Got them along!" cried Posy. "Then yer jest——"

"Hold on!" broke in Santa Fe, catching Posy's idea. "We don't want no botch doctor. Doc, air you up to yer game?"

"I hardly——"

"I mean, do you know yer biz? Do you size up with the balance uv the doctors?"

Dr. Bristow's professional pride, up in arms in an instant, overcame his fears.

"Know my business, sir? Up with other physicians, sir? Why, sir, I can say without a particle of boasting that I stand head and shoulders above my professional rivals—head and shoulders, sir! I am the author of——"

He named a work with a sonorous and complicated medical title, that conveyed little or no meaning to his hearers.

"I performed, sir, one of the most remarkable cures of the present century by restoring Senator Heywood to vigorous health."

"B'lieve I heared about that," said Santa Fe. "'Lowed he'd die, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred thus attacked succumb. Therefore I am justly accorded great credit for my almost miraculous cure. I——"

"Boys," said Posy, "we want him!"

"That's what we do," agreed Reddy Rose.

As the cowboys reached this decision the party was within a hundred yards of Ashburn's post office.

"Doc," said Posy, "you'll have to stop yere a while."

The physician's air of gratified professional pride was instantly superseded by fear.

"Oh, gentlemen, spare me!" he quavered. "I will not wear it again if you object to its appearance!"

"'Pearance uv what?" asked Santa Fe.

"My hat—'plug,' I think you call it!"

Hank Bitters threatened to explode with delight, but the cowboys never even smiled.

The physician was so loath to leave the vehicle that he had to be dragged out by force.

"Take it easy, Doc," soothed Posy. "We don't mean no harm!"

Dr. Bristow, little reassured, mentally anathematized the day he left his city home to throw himself into the clutches of these white savages.

"Doc," began Posy, "kin you cure a girl what's mighty nigh dead frum bein' throwed from a cayuse?"

Dr. Bristow's professional instinct got the better of a portion of his fears.

"I think I can safely say I can, sir, if a cure is possible," he said.

Posy led the way to Chip's bedside.

"Chip, this yere is Doc Bristow. Doc, this yere is Ole Man Ashburn, Chip's dad. Come, ole man!"

Ashburn followed him out of doors, and Dr. Bristow was alone with his patient.

The cowboys were very grave when the physician reappeared.

"Gentlemen——" he began.

"Means you an' Sant, I reckon, Posy," said Reddy Rose.

"What'll it be with little Chip, Doc?" asked Posy.

"Although her case is extremely precarious," replied the physician, deliberately, "with proper nursing and the care of a skilled physician, she can be restored to health. A delicate and dangerous operation is necessary. If she survives that and is attended by——"

"She will be! The big doctor'll be thar," said Posy.

"Who might he be, if I may ask?" questioned the physician.

"Doc Bristow," answered Posy.

"But I cannot remain. My engagement——"

"Blank engagement! In that thar room lies Chip—little Chip that——"

"That we all love, every last one uv us," broke in Santa Fe."

"You bet!" cried Reddy Rose.

"But——"

"An'," interrupted Posy, "the cuss that got her hurt was run off the Range, but the cuss that kin cure her, but won't, will never leave the Range a-runnin' nur no way."

"That's what he won't!" agreed Reddy Rose.

Dr. Brimstow seemed to fully realize what Posy's words implied.

Next day, long before the hour for performing the operation that was to end or save Chip's life, the cowboys had congregated in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. Posy was not with them.

"Posy," little Chip was saying, as she feebly stroked the rough head bent above her, "if I—if I don't git out again, give each of the boys one of these."

Then she weakly drew from beneath her pillow as many locks of hair, tied with little pieces of ribbon, as there were cowboys in the group outside. There was one for Posy, also, he noticed through the mist of tears that dimmed his eyes.

Little Chip softly stroked Posy's rough head, as he bent still lower till his lips touched hers, and a hot tear fell on each cheek. Then, far braver than he, she turned her face away.

"Good-by, Posy," she said.

"Good-by, Chip."

He staggered out of the room, and dashing the tears from his eyes, he grasped the doctor's arm with a force that made him wince, and whispered hoarsely:

"Go in, now, an'—an' if her good-by was the last one, God forgive ye! This yere iron"—half drawing his revolver—"never misses fire, an'—Wal, you'll never go offen the Range!"

Dr. Bristow had made no idle boast when he spoke of his professional skill, and all of that skill was called into action to preserve unsnapped the chord that bound poor little suffering Chip to life. When the operation was over and the crisis past, the great physician tottered through the door and fell fainting into Posy's arms.

"She is safe!" he gasped, as he opened his eyes.

As if moved by a common impulse, the cowboys mounted their cayuses and galloped off across the prairie at whirlwind speed. Two miles away they halted, and gave vent to their rejoicing in yells both loud and long.

A month latter, when little Chip was able to hop about quite smartly on her crutches, Dr. Bristow asked of Posy, of whom he seemed to stand in dreadful fear, if he might leave for his Eastern home on the following day.

"But, Doc, I thought you was keen to go out on the Cimarron?"

Nothing was further from Dr. Bristow's desire. He told himself that if he could but return home, it would take a most powerful attraction indeed to draw him away from it.

Santa Fe and Old Man Ashburn held several mysterious conferences, in which Posy was not invited to take part. The result was apparent next day. Instead of the faded buckboard. Hank Bitters arrived in a long spring wagon, which, as Reddy Rose said, was simply "gorgis" with red paint of the reddest red; and Hank himself was gotten up for the great occasion "regardless," in an uncomfortable suit of new store clothes, topped off by a collar that persisted in riding his red neck most outrageously. A clerical looking personage who accompanied him was saluted by the cowboys with shouts of "Preacher Blue!"

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"Posy," began Santa Fe, awkwardly, "I want to say fer me an' the boys an' Ole Man, yere, that we 'low we know how you an' Chip feel towards each other, an'—an'——"

"We reckon you both show mighty good taste," broke in Reddy Rose.

"Knowin' this," went on Santa Fe, we—that is—you—wal—you're goin' to git married yere an' now, an'—an' yere's yer weddin' present from me an' the boys! Soon's it's over you're goin' to start on a weddin' tower. We 'low Chip needs travel;" and Santa Fe thrust a roll of bills into the hands of the astonished Posy.

The latter presently essayed to express all his thanks, but the cowboys, seeing his embarrassment, drowned his words by wild yells.

After Posy and Chip had been made one, Dr. Bristow was the first to be equal to the occasion. He first proposed and carried out the kissing of the bride. The cowboys followed suit, and Posy, still half-dazed, was nearly knocked off his feet by a rush of comrades to claim tribute from the tempting mouth of the new made bride.

When the very red spring wagon departed, its occupants were Posy, Chip, Dr. Bristow, beside Hank Bitters, the truthful. Just before they entered the timber, they waved an adieu to the cowbops congregated before Ashburn's post-office.

Santa Fe unwound his gaudy Mexican scarf and waved it in response, and the other cowboys industriously swung their hats and yelled till the red wagon and its occupants had passed from sight.—*Frank Leslie's.*

There are in New Jersey 203 Baptist churches, valued at $2,600,000.

Sixty thousand barrels of sour krout are made in Reading, Penn., every year.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Fire Kindlers.

Take a quart of tar and three pounds of resin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much coarse sawdust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cool, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.—*Housewife.*

A Noted Chef's Coffee Recipe.

A noted French chef makes coffee by pouring boiling water on the ground berries; after filtering, the water is again boiled and again poured on the coffee; and finally a third time. He does not boil the coffee and water together, nor put the coffee in cold water and let it come to a boil. To make good tea, he says, you must pour boiling water on it and throw it out immediately. Then pour one-third of the boiling water required, put the pot over a steaming apparatus and then add another third, and finally the last third, repeating the steaming, in order to let it draw without boiling.

Receipt for Corned Beef.

First cover the meat with brine just strong enough to barely float an egg, for twenty four hours, take it out and wash it in cold water to take out all the blood, throw the bloody brine away, and for 100 pounds of beef, or in the same proportion for other quantities, make a new pickle by dissolving six pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre in water sufficint to cover the meat, skim it well before pouring it on, and if much scum rises on it afterwards before the meat is used up, scald it, skim it and pour it back when cold. Keep in a cool and well ventilated place. For summer keeping or for the Southern States a little more salt should be used.

How to Carve.

Poultry requires more careful carving than anything else brought to the table. A chicken roasted may be removed from the dish to the carver's plate; and as fowls are generally served in couples, this does not disarrange the economy of the table. The fork should be placed on the centre of the breast, and the knife be carried down along the side. Then, inserting the knife under the leg, cut downwards as far as the tail, and separating the ligature near the point, when, jerking the leg back, the parts will give way. Next separate the wing with the edge of the knife, and carry it through to the other side, when the wing is easily detached. Separate the other wing and leg in the same way. The wishbone is easily removed by inserting the knife under it and bending it back. Remove the neck bones by putting the fork through them and wrenching them carefully away so as not to break them. The breast must next be separated by cutting through the ribs. Turn the fowl back upwards on the plate and cut it up.

Turkey may be served the same way as chicken, excepting that as the breast is the most delicate part and affords many good slices, these should be cut lengthwise, and with thin portions of the dressing handed round first. When the turkey is large the whole of the breast may be served in such slices.

When carving a duck the slices from the breast are cut, then the leg is removed by cutting, then the wing. Ducklings are carved in the same way as pigeons.

Pigeons are usually carved in four pieces, dividing each piece in half. Many persons cut them through the middle lengthwise and serve half the bird to each person.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recipes.

Corn Bread: One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt.

Raisin Pudding: One-half cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Steam one hour.

Cookies: Two cups sugar, half a cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven.

Wheat Gems: Two cups and a half of sifted flour, one cup and a fourth of milk, three eggs, sugar to sweeten, one tablespoon melted butter, two teaspoons baking powder; bake in gem pans.

Cocoanut Pie: One cup of white sugar, two eggs, one cocoanut grated fine, two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter; flavor with nutmeg. Bake with one crust.

Rye Fritters: One and one-half cups flour, one egg, one half cup rye meal, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, two teaspoons cream tartar; mix with milk and drop from a spoon into hot lard.

Cream Pie: One pint of sweet milk, white of one egg and yolks of three; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of cornstarch; beat all together; let it cool and flavor. Make a rich crust and bake separate and fill; beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, spread over the top and set in the oven to brown.

A subscription paper for some religious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked: "Well, I can give $5 and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give $10 and feel it." The point was seen at once, and the "ten spot" was forthcoming.—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

"Are you the brakeman," asked an old lady of a seedy-looking individual on a train. "No'm, I'm the broke-man," he answered sadly.—*New York Sun.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Bread-making is a prehistoric art.

The English language consists of 138,000 words.

About 6,000,000 letters went to the dead letter office last year.

Edward V. was strangled in London Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

The amethyst was the ninth stone upon the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

The quickest sightseeing on record is that of an American woman, who claims to have done Paris in ten hours.

Small bugs from Australia, not larger than fleas, have been brought into California to feed on fruit pests and are said to be destroying them rapidly.

It is claimed that the two oldest trees in the world are these: One in Calaveras, California, 2565 years old, and the Cypress of Somma in Lombardy, Italy, 1911 years old.

The first telegraph office was opened in Washington in 1845, and the receipts from April 1 to 4 inclusive were one cent. On April 5 the receipts rose to twelve and a half cents, and on the 6th and 7th fell off to nothing. April 8 the office took in $1.32, and on April 9 $1.04

The Charlotte *Observer* says Pat Moylun, a tramp, was about to be overtaken by a train near Charlotte, N. C., but he let himself down between the cross-ties and dropped sixty feet, sinking into mud up to his hips. He crawled out, scraped off the mud, and went on unhurt.

The programme of dances at the Stockmen's ball, in Silver City, New Mexico, was as follows: Grand Vaquero march, Cowboy quadrille, Maverick waltz, Orejano quadrille, Estray schottische, Bronco quadrille, Grand Riata polka, Mexican quadrille, Cowbuncher's racquet, Cayusa quadrille, Shorthorn gallop, Mess-wagon waltz, Grand Corral waltz, The Trail quadrille, El Grande caballero, Long-horn lanciers, Mexican rodeo, Home Ranch waltz.

The assistant examiner of Chinese customs service has sent to the Treasury Department in New York a printed list of Chinese medicines exported from Yangtse ports. Among the remedies are tigers' bones, ground blood, bears' gall, asses' glue, tree bugs, elephants' gall, fossil crabs, fossil teeth, fowls' gizzards, "insects of nine smells," Job's tears, cow-hair, glass, rhinoceros horns, cow's knee, puff balls, dragons' teeth, straw, hedgehog skins, dried silkworms, snake skins, crabs' eyes, horse tails, and centipedes.

Migration of Birds.

The migration of birds is beset with many perils and many difficulties. Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark, cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the light houses on some parts of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused, fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths against a candle and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The lightmen are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travelers with hand nets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move, and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony. Let the reader represent to himself a lighthouse on one of these migration nights. The tide of migration is at its height. The night is dark and the lanterns are the central point of attraction for the countless hosts of birds that were crossing the sea when the sky became overcast. Birds of many different species are flying together or are attracted from all points of the compass by the brilliant light. Ducks and geese are traveling with gold-crests and swallows. Starlings and finches are flying side by side with gulls and waders. Warblers and herons scatter scientific classification to the winds, and fraternize with swans and goatsuckers and larks. Falcons and owls appear to lose all propensity for preying on their helpless fellow voyagers, and fly harmlessly to and fro among their companions in misfortune. As soons as the weather clears, and the moon shines forth once more, the birds appear to get on their right track again, and the feathered hosts are gone as suddenly as they came. These migratory movements lend bird life its greatest charm in autumn.—*Good Words.*

Relics of England's Danish Invaders.

A discovery of great interest has been made in the tidal river Hamble, near Botley, Hants, England. A boat-house is being built at the point of the junction of the Curdridge Creek with the river, some little distance above the spot where there is still existing a wreck of a Danish man-of-war. In removing the mud to make sufficient waterway something hard was encountered, which, on being carefully uncovered, proved to be a portion of an ancient canoe. It is a few feet higher up the river than the old Roman handway or landing-place, and was evidently sunk close to the shore. It is about twelve feet long by two and a half feet wide, beautifully carved, and in a fairly good state of preservation. Some question of ownership is likely to arise, as it was discovered below high-water mark. The adjacent land teems with fragmentary specimens of Roman pottery, bricks, etc., and it is expected that the explorations will lead to further discoveries.—*New York Post.*

The New Year.

The hour has come!
Twelve solemn tones from out that tower have said,
And echo has confirmed each word, and as
A guest whose stay with us is o'er, on his
Departure, meets a coming friend, upon
The threshold of our door—one to go but
Not return, the other to remain to
Gladden us a while—so the old year meets
The new, then slips away to come no more
Forever.

The river seems to flow
Unmindful of it all. The dark hills look
Upon a scene, which centuries ago,
Was old to them. The stars seem not to note
The change, but to me it is a moment
With an age of solemn meaning. No time
Within the year so closely pins the thoughts
Of all men into unison; Life, Death
And immortality the kindred themes.

BENSON M. LEWIS.

A Scientific Question.

Little Boy—Mamma, is aunt Mary my auntie or papa's?

Mamma—She is yours, my boy. Why?

Little boy—O, coz. Ain't she a good woman?

Mamma—Certainly. She is my very dear sister and will be with us next Thursday. Why do you ask?

Little boy—I heard papa tell Mr. Chips that it cost him $10 to make his auntie good. I didn't quite understand.—Toledo Sunday Journal.

George Stovin Venables, a distinguished London lawyer, is dead. He was the original of Thackeray's Warringtonian 'Pendennis.' He leaves an estate of $750,000 and among the bequests is a legacy of $160 annually to his washerwoman.

A correspondent says that while deer-stalking with the Emperor of Austria in Styria, the Prince of Wales missed five stags, at which his Imperial Majesty, who is a dead shot, nearly wept. After the Prince had gone to Hungary, a keeper was sent to him with a set of antlers belonging to a stag which the Prince was supposed to have shot, but H. R. H. laughed, and said good humoredly: 'No; it's of no use telling me I shot anything, for I didn't. But I'll keep the antlers as a souvenir of the Emperor's prowess.' So the story goes.

Mrs. Anderson, of Portland, Ore., is one woman who is able to take care of herself. She went out shopping the other day and noticed that a young man was dogging her steps. Finally he made an attempt to grab her purse. Mrs. Anderson laid down her bundle, rolled up her sleeves, doubled her fists and gave the fellow a mauling that he will remember for some time.

Cure of Pneumonia.

HESS ROAD, NIAGARA CO., N. Y., March 24, 1886.

About a year ago I was taken with a severe pain in both lungs. I was first attacked with a violent chill, then a dreadful pain and then a cough accompanied by considerable fever. It looked very much like a bad attack of pneumonia. A friend of mine procured five ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS. One he put under each arm, one under each shoulder blade, and one on my chest close around my throat. In a few hours the cough ceased, the pain gradually abated and I broke out in a profuse perspiration. I fell into a profound sleep, and the next day was almost well. I wore the Plasters eight days afterwards, and have never had any trouble since. WILLIAM A. SAWYER.

P. T. Barnum announces that he is out of the circus business for good.

Genteel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth $40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay $10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H—— laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering women paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

There are 6,000 different postage stamps extant.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It is the overworked boiler that causes many accidents.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophy, and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

Missouri has a little debt of $17,000,000.

$10,000 in a Quart Jar.

Read the grand offer made by Washington & Co., publishers "New York Magazine." One Thousand Dollars for the best guess—how many kernels of corn in a quart jar? The above company is perfectly reliable, and will give away $10,000 to subscribers on February 1st. See advertisement on this page.

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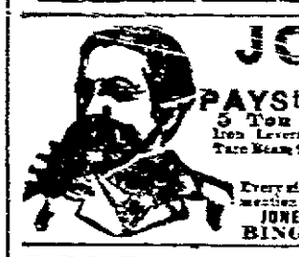

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$10,000 in Cash to be Given FREE to Subscribers.

A quart of yellow corn has been put into one of Mason's quart jars, and sealed. The measure is the ordinary quart measure, and no one knows the number of kernels it contains. The jar has been deposited in the vaults of a New York safe deposit company and cannot be opened or counted until the expiration of this contest, Feb. 1st, 1889.

The following 4,389 Presents will then be given to the 4,389 persons making the best guesses as to the number of kernels of corn the jar contains.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

1 Present to the person guessing the correct number of kernels,		$1,000
1 " " " nearest the correct number,		750
1 " " " making the next best guess,		500
1 " " "		250
5 Presents to the 5 persons making the next best guess,	$100 each,	500
10 " " 10 " " " " " "	50 "	500
20 " " 20 " " " " " "	25 "	500
50 " " 50 " " " " " "	10 "	500
100 " " 100 " " " " " "	5 "	500
200 " " 200 " " " " " "	2.50 "	500
500 " " 500 " " " " " "	2 "	1,000
2,500 " " 2,500 " " " " " "	1 "	2,500
4,389 Presents,	Amounting to	$10,000

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Bread-making is a prehistoric art.

The English language consists of 138,000 words.

About 6,000,000 letters went to the dead letter office last year.

Edward V. was strangled in London Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

The amethyst was the ninth stone upon the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

The quickest sightseeing on record is that of an American woman, who claims to have done Paris in ten hours.

Small bugs from Australia, not larger than fleas, have been brought into California to feed on fruit pests and are said to be destroying them rapidly.

It is claimed that the two oldest trees in the world are these: One in Calaveras, California, 2565 years old, and the Cypress of Somma in Lombardy, Italy, 1911 years old.

The first telegraph office was opened in Washington in 1845, and the receipts from April 1 to 4 inclusive were one cent. On April 5 the receipts rose to twelve and a half cents, and on the 6th and 7th fell off to nothing. April 8 the office took in $1.32, and on April 9 $1.04

The Charlotte *Observer* says Pat Moylun, a tramp, was about to be overtaken by a train near Charlotte, N. C., but he let himself down between the cross-ties and dropped sixty feet, sinking into mud up to his hips. He crawled out, scraped off the mud, and went on unhurt.

The programme of dances at the Stockmen's ball, in Silver City, New Mexico, was as follows: Grand Vaquero march, Cowboy quadrille, Maverick waltz, Orejano quadrille, Estray schottische, Bronco quadrille, Grand Riata polka, Mexican quadrille, Cowbuncher's racquet, Cayusa quadrille, Shorthorn gallop, Mess-wagon waltz, Grand Corral waltz, The Trail quadrille, El Grande caballero, Long-horn lanciers, Mexican rodeo, Home Ranch waltz.

The assistant examiner of Chinese customs service has sent to the Treasury Department in New York a printed list of Chinese medicines exported from Yangtse ports. Among the remedies are tigers' bones, ground blood, bears' gall, asses' glue, tree bugs, elephants' gall, fossil crabs, fossil teeth, fowls' gizzards, "insects of nine smells," Job's tears, cow-hair, glass, rhinoceros horns, cow's knee, puff balls, dragons' teeth, straw, hedgehog skins, dried silkworms, snake skins, crabs' eyes, horse tails, and centipedes.

Migration of Birds.

The migration of birds is beset with many perils and many difficulties. Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark, cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the light houses on some parts of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused, fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths against a candle and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The lightmen are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travelers with hand nets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move, and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony. Let the reader represent to himself a lighthouse on one of these migration nights. The tide of migration is at its height. The night is dark and the lanterns are the central point of attraction for the countless hosts of birds that were crossing the sea when the sky became overcast. Birds of many different species are flying together or are attracted from all points of the compass by the brilliant light. Ducks and geese are traveling with gold-crests and swallows. Starlings and finches are flying side by side with gulls and waders. Warblers and herons scatter scientific classification to the winds, and fraternize with swans and goatsuckers and larks. Falcons and owls appear to lose all propensity for preying on their helpless fellow voyagers, and fly harmlessly to and fro among their companions in misfortune. As soons as the weather clears, and the moon shines forth once more, the birds appear to get on their right track again, and the feathered hosts are gone as suddenly as they came. These migratory movements lend bird life its greatest charm in autumn.—*Good Words.*

Relics of England's Danish Invaders.

A discovery of great interest has been made in the tidal river Hambie, near Botley, Hants, England. A boat-house is being built at the point of the junction of the Curdridge Creek with the river, some little distance above the spot where there is still existing a wreck of a Danish man-of-war. In removing the mud to make sufficient waterway something hard was encountered, which, on being carefully uncovered, proved to be a portion of an ancient canoe. It is a few feet higher up the river than the old Roman handway or landing-place, and was evidently sunk close to the shore. It is about twelve feet long by two and a half feet wide, beautifully carved, and in a fairly good state of preservation. Some question of ownership is likely to arise, as it was discovered below high-water mark. The adjacent land teems with fragmentary specimens of Roman pottery, bricks, etc., and it is expected that the explorations will lead to further discoveries.—*New York Post.*

The New Year.

The hour has come!
Twelve solemn tones from out that tower
have said,
And echo has confirmed each word, and as
A guest whose stay with us is o'er, on his
Departure, meets a coming friend, upon
The threshold of our door—one to go but
Not return, the other to remain to
Gladden us a while—so the old year meets
The new, then slips away to come no more
Forever.

The river seems to flow
Unmindful of it all. The dark hills look
Upon a scene, which centuries ago,
Was old to them. The stars seem not to note
The change, but to me it is a moment
With an age of solemn meaning. No time
Within the year so closely brings the thoughts
Of all men into unison; Life, Death
And immortality the kindred themes.

BENSON M. LEWIS.

A Scientific Question.

Little Boy—Mamma, is aunt Mary my auntie or papa's?

Mamma—She is yours, my boy. Why?

Little boy—O, coz. Ain't she a good woman?

Mamma—Certainly. She is my very dear sister and will be with us next Thursday. Why do you ask?

Little boy—I heard papa tell Mr. Chips that it cost him $10 to make his auntie good. I didn't quite understand.—Toledo Sunday Journal.

George Stovin Venables, a distinguished London lawyer, is dead. He was the original of Thackeray's Warringtonian 'Pendennis.' He leaves an estate of $750,000 and among the bequests is a legacy of $160 annually to his washerwoman.

A correspondent says that while deer-stalking with the Emperor of Austria in Styria, the Prince of Wales missed five stags, at which his Imperial Majesty, who is a dead shot, nearly wept. After the Prince had gone to Hungary, a keeper was sent to him with a set of antlers belonging to a stag which the Prince was supposed to have shot, but H. R. H. laughed, and said good humoredly: 'No; it's of no use telling me I shot anything, for I didn't, But I'll keep the antlers as a souvenir of the Emperor's prowess.' So the story goes.

Mrs. Anderson, of Portland, Ore., is one woman who is able to take care of herself, She went out shopping the other day and noticed that a young man was dogging her steps. Finally he made an attempt to grab her purse. Mrs. Anderson laid down her bundle, rolled up her sleeves, doubled her fists and gave the fellow a mauling that he will remember for some time.

Cure of Pneumonia.

HESS ROAD, NIAGARA CO., N. Y., March 24, 1886.

About a year ago I was taken with a severe pain in both lungs. I was first attacked with a violent chill, then a dreadful pain and then a cough accompanied by considerable fever. It looked very much like a bad attack of pneumonia. A friend of mine procured five ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS. One he put under each arm, one under each shoulder blade, and one on my chest close around my throat. In a few hours the cough ceased, the pain gradually abated and I broke out in a profuse perspiration. I fell into a profound sleep, and the next day was almost well. I wore the Plasters eight days afterwards, and have never had any trouble since. WILLIAM A. SAWYER.

P. T. Barnum announces that he is out of the circus business for good.

Genteel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth $40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay $10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H— laughed long and loud. This is quackery-gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering women paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

There are 6,000 different postage stamps extant.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It is the overworked boiler that causes many accidents.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophy, and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

Missouri has a little debt of $17,000,000.

$10,000 in a Quart Jar.

Read the grand offer made by Washington & Co., publishers "New York Magazine." One Thousand Dollars for the best guess—how many kernels of corn in a quart jar? The above company is perfectly reliable, and will give away $10,000 to subscribers on February 1st. See advertisement on this page.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is a welcome visitor weekly in more than 400,000 families, and has won a place in home life obtained by no other publication. It is always safe, pure, instructive and entertaining. The wonder is how any family can do without it. Any new subscriber sending $1.75 now, can have THE COMPANION free every week to January 1, 1889, and for a full year from that date. Sample copies free. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in its virtues that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P O and Express address. Resp'y, H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

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ORATORS say Piso's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

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It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

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It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
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FREE $93 Sewing-Machine to at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 149, Augusta, Maine.

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Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous minerals. GEO. BOVELL, 242 23d Avenue, N. Y.

Nine years ago Scrofula attacked two of my children, and they were badly afflicted with the disease, which resisted the treatment of my family physician. I was persuaded to use Swift's Specific after seeing an account of cures in my county paper. The improvement was apparent from the first few doses, and in a short time my children were cured, and are still sound and well. JOHN WILLIAMS, Lexington, Va.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for Books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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Rubber Stamps 10 cents a line, pen and pencil stamps 20 cents. C. Whithom, 720 Main St., Cinti. O.

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$10,000 in Cash to be Given FREE to Subscribers.

A quart of yellow corn has been put into one of Mason's quart jars, and sealed. The measure is the ordinary quart measure, and no one knows the number of kernels it contains. The jar has been deposited in the vaults of a New York safe deposit company and cannot be opened or counted until the expiration of this contest, Feb. 1st, 1889. The following 4,389 Presents will then be given to the 4,389 persons making the best guesses as to the number of kernels of corn the jar contains.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

1 Present to the person guessing the correct number of kernels,		$1,000
1 " " " nearest the correct number,		750
1 " " " making the next best guess,		500
1 " " " " " "		250
5 Presents to the 5 persons making the next best guess,	$100 each,	500
10 " " 10 " " " " " "	50 "	500
20 " " 20 " " " " " "	25 "	500
50 " " 50 " " " " " "	10 "	500
100 " " 100 " " " " " "	5 "	500
200 " " 200 " " " " " "	2.50 "	500
500 " " 500 " " " " " "	2 "	1,000
3,500 " " 3,500 " " " " " "	1 "	3,500
4,389 Presents,	Amounting to	$10,000

CONDITIONS:—No guess will be received and recorded except from a person who becomes a subscriber to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, and sends FIFTY CENTS for a six months' trial subscription. The 50 cents is the regular subscription price, and is in no sense a payment for the guess, but for the magazine, which we believe will be so interesting that you will become a permanent reader. The Jar will be opened, and Kernels of corn counted and Presents awarded FEBRUARY 1st, 1889. Should no person guess the correct number of kernels the jar contains, the one guessing nearest will receive the present of $1,000. Should two or more persons guess the actual number, then THE ONE WHOSE GUESS IS FIRST RECEIVED WILL GET THE FIRST PRESENT OF $1,000, and the next will be entitled to the second, and so on.

TO CLUB RAISERS.—To those who desire to form clubs among their friends, we will send six subscriptions for $2.50, twelve for $5, twenty-five for $10; fifty for $20. Each subscription to be accompanied with the guess in plain figures opposite the name and address sent. This offer is made for the sole purpose of advertising and making known one of the most popular publications of the day. THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE is replete with the choicest literature of the day, and contains articles of value and interest from the most noted authors. It is finely illustrated, of high moral tone, and the proprietors are determined and propose to spend a large sum of money in order to place it in 100,000 American homes. As to our reliability we refer to John F. Phillips & Co., Advertising Agents, 29 Park Row, N. Y., Jos. B. Stilwell & Co., Printers and Lithographers, 20 Cliff Street, N. Y.; Rogers & Co., Bankers, 129 Pearl Street, Boston, or any commercial agency throughout the United States. Money may be sent by postal note, money order or registered letter. Stamps in amounts less than $1.00.

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It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Consider how easily you can master German with the aid of this Dictionary if a half hour per day is devoted to study, how much benefit can be derived from the knowledge, and hasten to send for this first-class book. You will never regret it.

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 4TH, 1889.

The prospect for wealth and position to-day is brighter to any young man of ability and ambition, who will learn well and thoroughly a good trade, than than for any one who attempts to crowd into the professions. The country is sadly in want of mechanics who combine skill with intelligence.—Not a workshop or manufactory can be found to-day where they are not needed. Not a manufacturing or mechanical establishment exists in the country which is not deficient, in some way or other, in skilled assistance.

SANITARY BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY. —Dr. Cyrus Edson of the New York Health Department prescribes Speer's Port Grape Wine in his practice as the purest and most reliable wine to be had and his opinion is endorsed by his associates as will be seen from the following letter:

NEW YORK, December 9, 1887.

The Speer N. J. Wine Co.—Gentlemen: Having used your Port Wine to a large extent in my family in cases of sickness and found it to be all that was recommended of it by my family physician, I desire to purchase it by the dozen bottles. Respectfully yours,

JAMES BRYAN,

Sanitary Inspector Health Department, New York City. Druggists keep it.

A telegram from Panama says the work on the canal still continues, although on some sections labor has been discharged during the past two months owing to disputes between the canal company and the contractors. There are now about 9000 laborers engaged on the works.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflamation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

The Haytien Government on discovering our men-or-war in their harbor, to avoid bloodshed and a final destruction of their principalities, surrendered the seized steamer Haytien Republic by them to our men-of-war, after which a salute was given to the Haytien flag.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

Hiram Blodgett, of Brookville, Me., tied his cow near the house to graze, His 6-year-old boy, playing about, became tangled in the rope, the cow became frightened, broke away, and ran a quarter of a mile, dragging the boy after her. A neighbor, by the aid of his dog, stopped the cow and released the child, but he was so badly injured that he soon died.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

A reliable woman wanted to introduce direct to the ladies in this county. Dr. Nichols celebrated Spiral Spring clasp corsets (50 different styles), no more broken steels; warranted unbreakable or money refunded. The greatest invention of the age. Just out. Sells on sight. No experience required $3 00, outfit free. Send 10 cents postage for sample and terms. G. D. NICHOLS & Co., 384 &386 Broadway, New York.

Citizens of St. Louis subscribeb nearly $10,000 with which to purchase Christmas presents for children of the poor, and fully 15,000 youngsters were given given gifts. They were distributed from an immense tree in the Exposition Building. For hour the streets in the vicinity were blockaded with humanity. The children began to arrive as early as 6 a. m., and it was late in the evening before they had all disappeared.

BUCKLEN S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

The Black Pill dispels melancholy

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 304 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should read the above carefully.

The widow of brakeman William A. Zink, of Altoona, who was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad by an accident caused by a defective tie, was awarded $5,640 damages by a Huntindon county jury.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

FALL & WINTER

MILLINERY!!

m New York, Philadelphia and Ba ltmo re.
Fashionable Millinery Goods.
Fashionable Hats and Bonnets.
Novelties in New Shapes and Shades.
Novelties in Ribbons, Lace-Net and Guazes.
Fine line of Notions and Stamped Goods.
Full line of Ladies' and Children's Underwear.
Infants' Cloaks.
Latest Styles and Lowest Prices.
Largest Stock and most Elegant Assortment.
Weekly Arrivals of Latest Novelties.
The Ladies are invited to call and see display of Handsome Goods. No trouble to show good

MISS A. L. WARNER,
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

"This is the Boot for ME!"

DON'T BUY YOUR Rubber Boots until you have seen the "COLCHESTER" with Sole leather Heel. This is the best fitting and MOST DURABLE BOOT in the market. Made of the best PURE GUM Stock. The Sole leather Heel saves Money to the Wearer.

DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE COLCHESTER ARCTIC with "Outside Counter." Ahead of ALL others in style & durability. If you want the worth of your money try the Colchester with "OUTSIDE COUNTER."

KEPT HERE BY BEST STORES.
AT WHOLESALE BY
M. B. SPAHR & SON,
YORK, PA.

NEW OXFORD

COACH FACTORY

Jos. H. Lawrence.
NEW OXFORD, - - Pa.
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

—REPAIRING—

f all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices
12ma85tf Jos. H. LAWRENCE.

—GRAIN AND—

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;
also the best brands of
Roller & Country Flour,
AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.
ma87.] Z. H. CASHMAN.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctione Charges moderate and satisfaction guarant .O. Address, Table Rock, Adams county,

BADLY DUPED

the person who thinks that it is the price that determines the quality of the article. Nothing can be further from the truth. The wheat that now sells for $1.05 per bushel is no better than that which sold at 85 cents but two months ago Manipulation may put up the price—not the quality, and this rule applies to clothing as much as to wheat. For instance compare prices of

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE!

MEN'S CLOTHING!

Choice of Suits in honest materials, well-trimmed, &c., $4.
Choice of different styles Men's good substantial strictly fast colors, $5.50.
Choice of 10 fine styles all-wool Cassimere. $7.75
Choice of styles of Men's Dress Suits in best domestic and imported goods, in Corkscrew and Broad Wales, $11.50.
Choice of finest goods equal to custom work, made up in Cutaway and Sack Suits, $14.
Men's Overcoats, strong and durable, $3
Men's Overcoats, satin-faced, in all-wool Chinchillas, $6.
Men's Fall Overcoats in light, dark or medium colors never sold before for less than $15—$11.

BOYS' CLOTHING!

Honest, well-made Short Pants, Suits in different color, shelted or pleated styles at lowest price. Children's Cassimere Suits cut in belted styles that will wear like iron at a price within reach of all. $3
Choice styles of Boy's long pants, Suits heavy weights and dark colors suitable for every day wear, $3.50.
Long Pants Suits in plaids, checks, stripes and dark mixtures, sizes from 14 to 18 years sold all over for $7 and $8,—$5.50.
Boys' fine dress suits in fine Casimere, worsted diagonal, must be seen to be appreciated. $7.50.
Boys' school Overcoats in durable goods. $2.50
Boys' Cassimere Overcoats substantially made and trimmed, $4.
Boys' silk-faced Overcoats in light, dark or medium colors, sizes from 14 to 18, $5.50.
Boys' satin-faced Overcoats in fine Kersey, Meltons and Worsteds, $7.50.

HAT DEPARTMENT!

Full line of Youman's, Dunlap's and Miller's shapes at prices never before heard of and certainly the most graceful and shapely Hats ever shown in Hanover

ISAAC HERZ

P. B. C. H., Fountain Square, (Boadenheimer's Building, HANOVER, PA

G. W. Weaver & Son,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE LEADING
DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMING STORE.

THE LEADING
COAT STORE.

Ladies' Jackets.	*Our Assortment is twice as any store in the County. Our prices lower. Our fits and make the best.*	Silk Seal Plush.
Ladies' Modjiskas.		Silk Seal Plush.
Ladies' Newmarkets.		Black & col'd Beaver.
Ladies' Coats.		Black Glaci.
Children's Gretchens.		Fancy Stripes.
Misses' Jackets.		Fancy Plaids.
Misses' Newmarkets.		Steckinette.

You can get what you want at G. W. Weaver & Son's

HEADQUARTERS FOR
HoLIDAY GOoDS

The rush at the RED FRONT has begun. Why? Because we have returned from the city with the Largest Assortment of Christmas Goods ever brought to New Oxford, and we invite everybody to call and see before purchasing elsewhere. We will assure you that we will save money for you if you give us your orders. We are also just in receipt of some

Fine Syrup, only 35c. per Gallon. Christmas Clear Toys, 15c. per lb.

G. N. Warner & Bro.

A Great Cut in Prices!

of Clothing. We have made a big cut in prices this week. Our stock is too large. It must be reduced. We pocket the loss, you the gains.

Men's Working Suits cut down from $5 and $6 to	$3.25	Men's Heavy Overcoats Cut down from $5 and $6 to	$3.50
Young Men's Evening Suits cut down from $7 and $8 to	$5.50	Nice Black Worsted Overcoats Cut down from $8 and $9 to	$6
Men's Worsted Dress Suits all colors, from $10 & $12 to	$7.50	Nice Melton Dress Overcoats for men, cut down from $8 & $10 to	$7

Big Cut in Boys' Suits and Overcoats

Suits, with long pants, from $3.50 up. Overcoats from $2.50 up. Children's Suits and Overcoats, from $1.25 up. All these goods are reliable and worth examining, being our regular stock. Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., equally cheap. Neckwear, Mufflers and Silk Umbrellas, all sold way below regular prices, and all first-class goods work double the money. Come and see our stock and you will not be disappointed in the prices.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA

PIANOS & ORGANS!

We have always a large stock of first-class instruments, such as

WEBER, DECKER BROS., NEW ENGLAND, FISCHER, AND ESTEY PIANOS;

PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE, & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.

We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on installments or for cash.
We also trade on old pianos and organs.
Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year.
Every instrument fully warranted as represented.
Give me a call.

MARIA L. FORRY & CO.,
Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

The Black Pill removes Constipation

25,000 CARPENTERS now use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address,
E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.
14apr82ly.

GO TO EMLET'S

DRUG STORE

No. 6 Carlisle St., Hanover, for

Shoulder Braces, Supporters, Trusses, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shoe Brushes, Perfumery in Bulk, Choicest variety of Toilet Soaps, &c., also all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day, etc., etc. Prescriptions a Specialty.

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY GROCERY!

Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St.,
New Oxford, Pa.

—:(o):—

P. J. NOEL,

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, promising the public a first-class stock of goods on hand at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Teas, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers are invited to give his store their custom. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square. It is the place to get the worth of your money, not more.
13june79. WALK IN!

The Celebrated New Oxford

ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

Pic-Nics, Celebrations,
as well as
Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

SPECIAL RATES.

He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well all others who may become his patrons to return cans and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

D. E. A. MELHORN.

Old Dr. Chase's
New Receipt Book.

His Last and Crowning Life Work.

Dr. Chase's Third, Last and Complete Receipt Book and Household Physician, or the Book for the Millions, contains nearly 900 pages and sells for $2.25 in cloth binding and $2.50 in imported oil cloth, marble edge, and is justly by him called

The Crowning Work of My Life.

It is the result of over a half a century's observation, study and experience Yet this embodies no compilation of his former books. It is wholly a new book. If 30 years ago he could produce a book that has had a sale of over fifteen hundred thousand copies, and has made his name familiar in nearly every English-speaking home in the United States, Canada, and thousands of homes in Europe, Australia and South America, what kind of a book could or would he produce as his Crowning Life Work, with more than thirty years of additional practice and experience? The book itself answers this question, and is the most valuable production in the history of book publishing. The book is published in both English and German. AGENTS WANTED! BIG TERMS!

F. B. DICKERSON & CO.,
June DETROIT, MICH.

GO TO

John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., Adams and York counties, Pa. I Guarantee my PRICES and WORK to suit all persons making purchases from. A large stock of work constantly on hand. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yords, Frederick Street, Littlestown, Pa.

G. A. KLINGLE,
—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates Saloon next door to the ITEM office, Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA.

LADIES!

Do your own dyeing, at home, with

PEERLESS DYES!

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, amount in packages, or for fastness of colors, or non-fading qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by J. W. DICKS, NEW OXFORD, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 4TH, 1889.

The prospect for wealth and position to-day is brighter to any young man of ability and ambition, who will learn well and thoroughly a good trade, than than for any one who attempts to crowd into the professions. The country is sadly in want of mechanics who combine skill with intelligence.—Not a workshop or manufactory can be found to-day where they are not needed. Not a manufacturing or mechanical establishment exists in the country which is not deficient, in some way or other, in skilled assistance.

SANITARY BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Cyrus Edson of the New York Health Department prescribes Speer's Port Grape Wine in his practice as the purest and most reliable wine to be had and his opinion is endorsed by his associates as will be seen from the following letter:

NEW YORK, December 9, 1887.

The Speer N. J. Wine Co.—Gentlemen: Having used your Port Wine to a large extent in my family in cases of sickness and found it to be all that was recommended of it by my family physician, I desire to purchase it by the dozen bottles. Respectfully yours,

JAMES BRYAN,

Sanitary Inspector Health Department, New York City. Druggists keep it.

A telegram from Panama says the work on the canal still continues, although on some sections labor has been discharged during the past two months owing to disputes between the canal company and the contractors. There are now about 9000 laborers engaged on the works.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflamation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

The Haytien Government on discovering our men-or-war in their harbor, to avoid bloodshed and a final destruction of their principalities, surrendered the seized steamer Haytien Republic by them to our men-of-war, after which a salute was given to the Haytien flag.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

Hiram Blodgett, of Brookville, Me., tied his cow near the house to graze, His 6-year-old boy, playing about, became tangled in the rope, the cow became frightened, broke away, and ran a quarter of a mile, dragging the boy after her. A neighbor, by the aid of his dog, stopped the cow and released the child, but he was so badly injured that he soon died.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

A reliable woman wanted to introduce direct to the ladies in this county. Dr. Nichols celebrated Spiral Spring clasp corsets (50 different styles), no more broken steels; warrantsd unbreakable or money refunded. The greatest invention of the age. Just out. Sells on sight. No experience required $3 00, outfit free. Send 10 cents postage for sample and terms. G. D. NICHOLS & Co., 384 & 386 Broadway, New York.

Citizens of St. Louis subscribeb nearly $10,000 with which to purchase Christmas presents for children of the poor, and fully 15,000 youngsters were given given gifts. They were distributed from an immense tree in the Exposition Building. For hour the streets in the vicinity were blockaded with humanity. The children began to arrive as early as 6 a. m., and it was late in the evening before they had all disappeared.

BUCKLEN S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

The Black Pill dispels melancholy

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 304 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

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Fashionable Millinery Goods.
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Novelties in Ribbons, Lace-Net and Guazes.
Fine line of Notions and Stamped Goods.
Full line of Ladies' and Children's Underwear.
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Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

REPAIRING

of all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices

12ma85tf JOS. H. LAWRENCE.

—GRAIN AND—

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., &c.;

also the best brands of

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PHILADELPHIA BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE!

MEN'S CLOTHING!

Choice of Suits in honest materials, well-trimmed, &c., $4.

Choice of different styles Men's good substantial strictly fast colors, $5.50.

Choice of 10 fine styles all-wool Cassimere, $7.75

Choice of styles of Men's Dress Suits in best domestic and imported goods, in Corkscrew and Broad Wales, $11.50.

Choice of finest goods equal to custom work, made up in Cutaway and Sack Suits, $14.

Men's Overcoats, strong and durable, $3

Men's Overcoats, satin-faced, in all-wool Chinchillas, $6.

Men's Fall Overcoats in light, dark or medium colors never sold before for less than $15—$11.50.

BOYS' CLOTHING!

Honest, well-made Short Pants, Suits in different color, belted or pleated styles at lowest price.

Children's Cassimere Suits cut in belted styles that will wear like iron at a price within reach of all. $3

Choice styles of Boy's long pants, Suits heavy weights and dark colors suitable for every day wear, $3.50.

Long Pants Suits in plaids, checks, stripes and dark mixtures, sizes from 14 to 18 years sold all over for $7 and $8,—$5.50.

Boys' fine dress suits in fine Casimere, worsted diagonal, must be seen to be appreciated. $7.50.

Boys' school Overcoats in durable goods. $2.50

Boys' Cassimere Overcoats substantially made and trimmed, $4.

Boys' silk-faced Overcoats in light, dark or medium colors, sizes from 14 to 18, $5.50.

Boys' satin-faced Overcoats in fine Kersey, Meltons and Worsteds, $7.50.

HAT DEPARTMENT!

Full line of Youman's, Dunlap's and Miller's shapes at prices never before heard of and certainly the most graceful and shapely Hats ever shown in Hanover.

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G. W. Weaver & Son,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

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DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMING STORE.

THE LEADING

COAT STORE.

Ladies' Jackets.
Ladies' Modjiskas.
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Ladies' Coats.
Children's Gretchens.
Misses' Jackets.
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Our Assortment is twice as any store in the County. Our prices lower. Our fits and make the best.

Silk Seal Plush.
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Black Glaci.
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Steckinette.

You can get what you want at G. W. Weaver & Son's

HOLIDAY GOODS

HEADQUARTERS FOR

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Men's Working Suits cut down from $5 and $6 to	$3.25	Men's Heavy Overcoats Cut down from $5 and $6 to	$3.50
Young Men's Evening Suits cut down from $7 and $8 to	$5.50	Nice Black Worsted Overcoats Cut down from $8 and $9 to	$6
Men's Worsted Dress Suits all colors, from $10 & $12 to	$7.50	Nice Melton Dress Overcoats for men, cut down from $8 & $10 to	$7

Big Cut in Boys' Suits and Overcoats

Suits, with long pants, from $3.50 up. Overcoats from $2.50 up. Children's Suits and Overcoats, from $1.25 up. All these goods are reliable and worth examining, being our regular stock Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., equally cheap. Neckwear, Mufflers and Silk Umbrellas, all sold way below regular prices, and all first-class goods work double the money. Come and see our stock and you will not be disappointed in the prices.

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Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year.

Every instrument fully warranted as represented.

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FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY GROCERY!

[Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

—:(o):—

P. J. NOEL,

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, promising the public a first-class stock of goods in his line at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Teas, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

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